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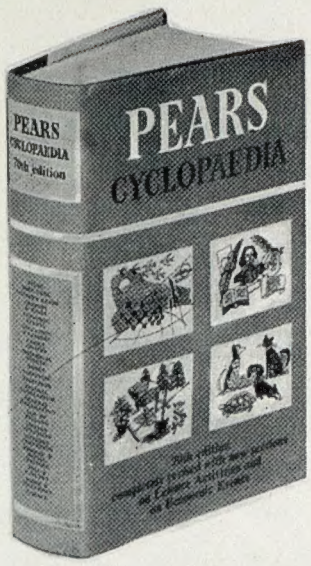

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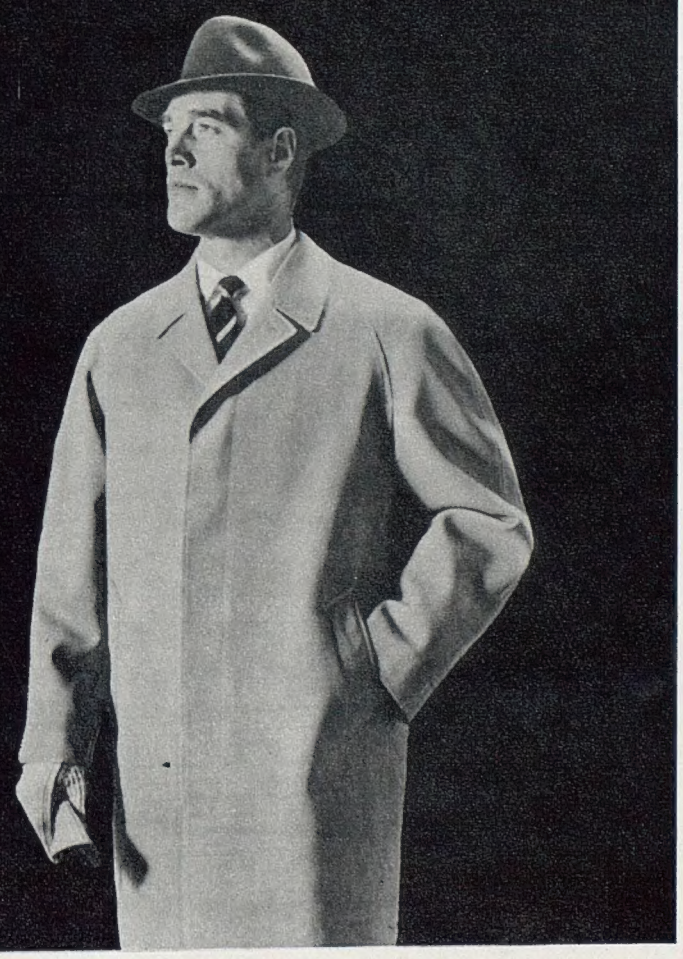

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Volume CCXLVI No. 3198

THE SPHERE

LONDON, September 16, 1961

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AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING

Small girls curtsey after presenting bouquets to the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Anne. The other members of the Royal party at this year's Highland Gathering at Braemar, in Aberdeenshire, were the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Alexandra. The Prince of Wales was unable to be present because of a cold. The sun broke through the clouds shortly before the Queen arrived to be welcomed by a crowd estimated to number 26,000. In the events, the Aberdeenshire farmer, William Anderson, the record holder, won the hammer throw. Another local farmer, Henry Gray, was the winner of the caber-tossing and the R.A.F. triumphed over the Gordon Highlanders in the final of the Services tug-o'-war. Before leaving, Her Majesty presented the trophies

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NEWS SUMMARY

Russia's nuclear tests; plain speaking from the West; the attempt to kill President de Gaulle; moves towards a new African federation; Brazil's President takes office

INTERNATIONAL

Up to last Monday Russia was known to have carried out six nuclear tests in ten days. United States sources described the fifth as the largest, being " in the order of several megatons."

Speaking in **Moscow** on September 8 during Mr. Nehru's visit (see facing page 409), the Soviet Prime Minister foreshadowed the formal rejection contained in the Russian note of the following day, of the Anglo-American offer to suspend nuclear tests in the atmosphere. In the speech the familiar accusations were brought out against " aggressive Imperialist powers " engaging in " militarist gambles " and following policies of " colonial oppression " in, among other places, Oman.

On September 8, Mr. Khrushchev appeared in **Stalingrad** in an apparently more compromising mood. He said President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan appeared to want negotiations over Berlin and Germany and this was " encouraging."

London and **Washington** sent further notes to Russia last week. They revealed in detail the falsity of the Russian claims regarding Berlin and Germany. In the British communication one passage was concerned with the cynical twisting of words to suit Soviet purposes. It was pointed out, for instance, that in Soviet terminology a " subversive " person appears to mean anyone favouring freedom of speech, assembly and movement, and a " diversionist " may be anyone publicly opposing Soviet views as to right policy.

The Berlin crisis will almost certainly be the main subject at the U. N. General Assembly when it meets next week in **New York.**

FRANCE

Arrests were still being made in **Paris** and elsewhere in France early this week in connection with the attempt on the life of President de Gaulle on September 8. Police stated that responsibility could be attributed to the Organisation of the Secret Army (O.A.S.). This is a terrorist organisation which has been campaigning against de Gaulle's Algerian policy. The President and Madame de Gaulle were driving late at night from Paris to their country home at **Colombey-les-deux-Eglises** when their car passed over a heavy charge of explosive hidden in the road at **Nogent-Sur-Seine.** Fortunately the main part of the charge failed to explode, otherwise all the occupants of the car would have been killed. The President's only comment immediately afterwards was that the incident was " a joke in very bad taste." (De Gaulle's Press Conference, see page 415.)

WEST GERMANY

On September 17 the Federal Republic of West Germany will undergo the complicated procedure of electing its fourth Bundestag. The main parties are the Christian Democrats, led by Dr. Adenauer, who has been Chancellor since the establishment of the Federal Republic in 1948, and the Social Democrats under Herr Willy Brandt, the Mayor of **Berlin.**

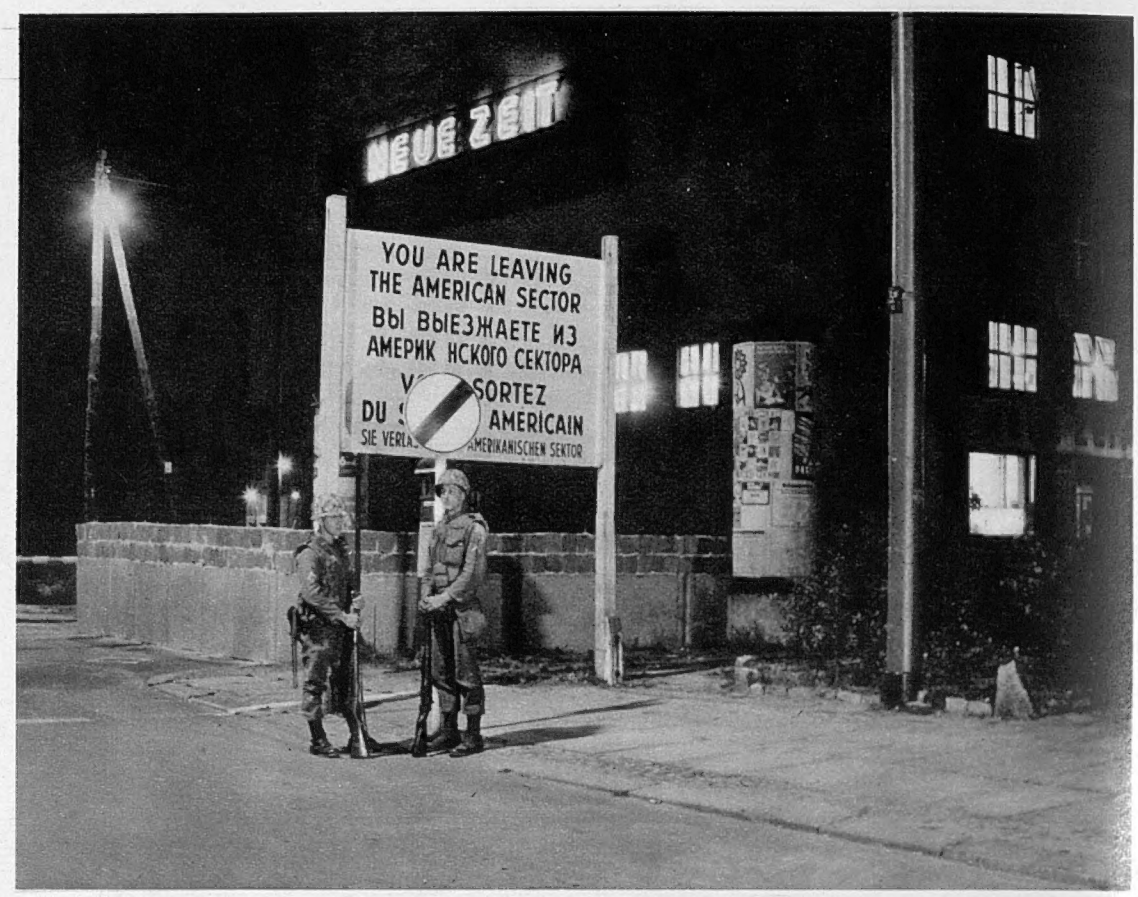
AFRICA

The situation in the Katanga province of **Congo** (see pictures on page 411) showed no signs of easing during the weekend. After Mr. Tombelaine, a senior U.N. official, had been detained in the Elisabethville central post office for half an hour by Katanga police, Mr. O'Brien, the chief U.N. representative in Katanga, ordered European officers in the Katanga security services to leave the country within forty-eight hours. On the previous day Mr. O'Brien had told President Tshombe there was no truth in reports that the Central Government in Leopoldville was planning to invade Katanga, with U.N. support.

Reports from **Northern Rhodesia** indicated that an official statement might be made during this week on the possibility of changes in the proposed new constitution. Mr. Kenneth Kaunda, the U.N.I.P. leader and opponent of the proposals, was due back from London on Tuesday last. Before leaving he had announced that if no changes were made he would proceed to " the next stage " in his non-violent campaign. He was travelling home by way of Dar-Es-Salaam, Tanganyika, where he was meeting some of his supporters.

Two other African leaders, Mr. Jomo Kenyatta, of **Kenya,** and Mr. Julius Nyerere, the Prime Minister of **Tanganyika,** met in Nairobi on Sunday. They discussed the possibility of eventual federation between their countries and later addressed an open-air meeting of 50,000 people on this subject.

In **Ghana,** after seven days of the strike on the railways and in the ports, the Government decreed a limited state of emergency in two towns and assumed far-reaching powers to deal with the stoppage.



American guards at the Berlin frontier. On the East side the neon sign advertises the Communist paper, *Neue Zeit*

BRAZIL

The two-week-old constitutional crisis in Brazil appeared to be over by last weekend. On Wednesday of last week, the President-designate, Senhor Joao Goulart, flew from Porto Alegre to **Brasilia.** He had twice delayed this flight because of a threatened revolt among some officers of the Brazilian Air Force. Next day he was sworn in as the first President of Brazil to govern with a Prime Minister under the new system approved by Congress which severely limits the power of the President. He

Dr. Adenauer and Herr Brandt, the chief opponents in the Federal German elections to be held on Sunday

nominated Senhor Tancredo Neves to be the first Prime Minister.

KUWAIT

Some 900 Saudi Arabian soldiers were reported to have arrived in **Kuwait** last Sunday. They were the first contingent of the Arab League force replacing the British troops there. Contingents are also being sent from the United Arab Republic, Jordan, Tunisia and Sudan to make a total of 3,300.

THE UNITED STATES

A mass evacuation took place last weekend of island and low-lying coastal areas of **Louisiana** and **Texas.** These regions were threatened by Hurricane Carla which was blasting across the Gulf of Mexico and struck the land on Sunday night.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE SCENE AFTER SHANNON AIRPORT'S WORST CRASH

The wreckage of an American DC 6 B airliner is strewn over the mud by the estuary of the river in the south of Ireland. The aircraft, owned by President Airlines, was on a charter flight from Dusseldorf to Chicago. All the eighty-six passengers and crew were killed. It was Shannon's worst air disaster and the death roll was believed to be the highest in any air crash in the British Isles. About a minute after the airliner had taken off in thick fog from the airport, its engines cut off and a thud was heard. There was no explosion. The passengers were farmers and agriculturists—sixty-five of them from Germany, eight from Austria, two from the Netherlands and two from Switzerland. They were travelling to an exhibition in Chicago

MR. NEHRU AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV

MONTY CROSSES INTO RED CHINA

Field Marshal Montgomery crosses from Hongkong to China for his three-week visit there. Escorting him from the Colony are Brigadier Kent (left) and Hong Kong's Assistant Police Commissioner, Mr. T. E. Clunie. Viscount Montgomery was starting his second tour of China as the guest of Mao Tse-tung

Far left: The Indian Premier is welcomed at Moscow airport by the Soviet Premier. Mr. Nehru, who was on an official visit to Russia, also brought with him a message from the Belgrade conference of Neutrals. President Nkrumah of Ghana presented the message with Mr. Nehru to Mr. Khrushchev. The Neutrals' message to President Kennedy was being taken to Washington this week by President Sukarno of Indonesia, and by President Keita of Mali

ITALY'S GRAND PRIX DISASTER

An official runs forward waving a danger flag after a crash which caused at least twelve fatalities during the Italian Grand Prix on the Monza track a few miles from Milan. Lying on the edge of the track is the body of Wolfgang Von Trips, the German racing driver, who died within a few minutes. On the grass below the bank is Jim Clark, of Britain, who escaped injury. Von Trips' Ferrari, in centre of photograph, had hurtled into the crowd on the bank after colliding with Clark's Lotus (left). The Ferrari mowed down spectators on the railings, killing eleven of them and injuring another twenty, before bouncing back to the track. Von Trips was leading in the international drivers' championship table at the time of his death

EXPELLED FROM THE T.U.C.

At the Trades Union Congress in Portsmouth's Guildhall, Mr. Frank Foulkes, the Communist President of the Electrical Trades Union, speaks in the debate which resulted in the E.T.U. being expelled from the T.U.C. by an overwhelming vote. Immediately after the result was announced Mr. Foulkes led his delegation out of the conference hall. **Below right:** Mr. William Carron, President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, emphasizes the need for unity in Europe while speaking on the motion favouring Britain's negotiations for entering the Common Market. This motion was carried. **Far right:** The T.U.C. leaders and officials are, from front: Mr. Feathers, Assistant Secretary; Mr. Woodcock, General Secretary; Mr. Ted Hill, the chairman; Mr. Bartlett, Confederation of Health Service Employees; Sir Alfred Roberts, National Association of Card Blowing and Ring Room Operatives; Mr. Beard, United Patternmakers' Association, and Sir Thomas Yates, General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen, 1957-60. In the course of the conference unilateral disarmament was firmly rejected and terms were laid down for T.U.C. co-operation with the Government on economic planning

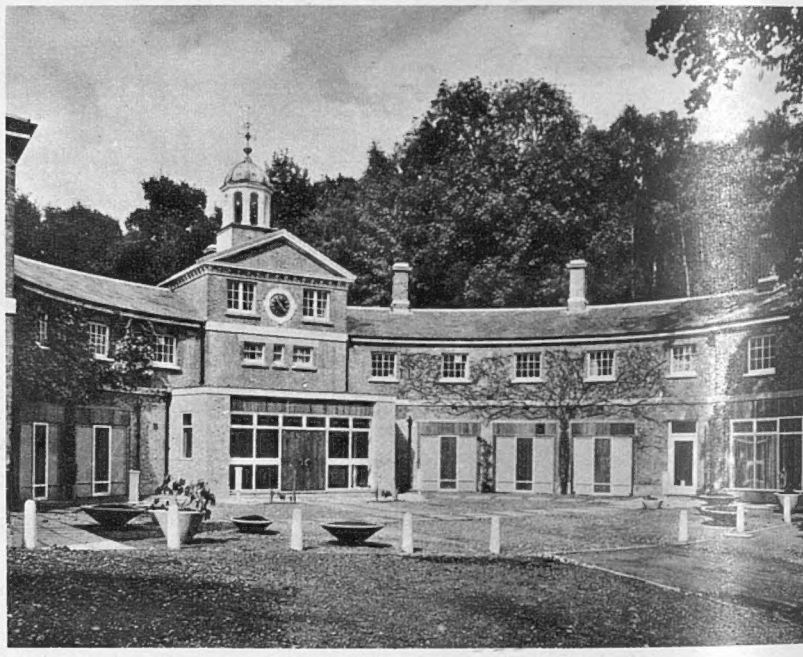
A PLEA FOR EUROPEAN UNITY

ON THE PLATFORM AT THE CONGRESS IN PORTSMOUTH

The German-born surrealist artist sits in the Tate Gallery, in London, during his visit to the exhibition there of his work. This includes 191 paintings, drawings and collages, and fourteen pieces of sculpture. The show was opened on September 7, to run for five-and-a-half weeks. Max Ernst was a leading member of the Dada movement and then a founder of surrealism

MAX ERNST IN LONDON

Far right: The Export Training Centre for Top Management at Sundridge Park, Kent, is the first of its kind in Britain. It was opened by the Management Centre with a view to helping the country's export drive by providing training facilities on a residential basis. Three-week courses are being held regularly at the Centre. Planned in consultation with an advisory panel set up by the Federation of British Industries, they deal with factors affecting export policy and marketing procedures in present world conditions



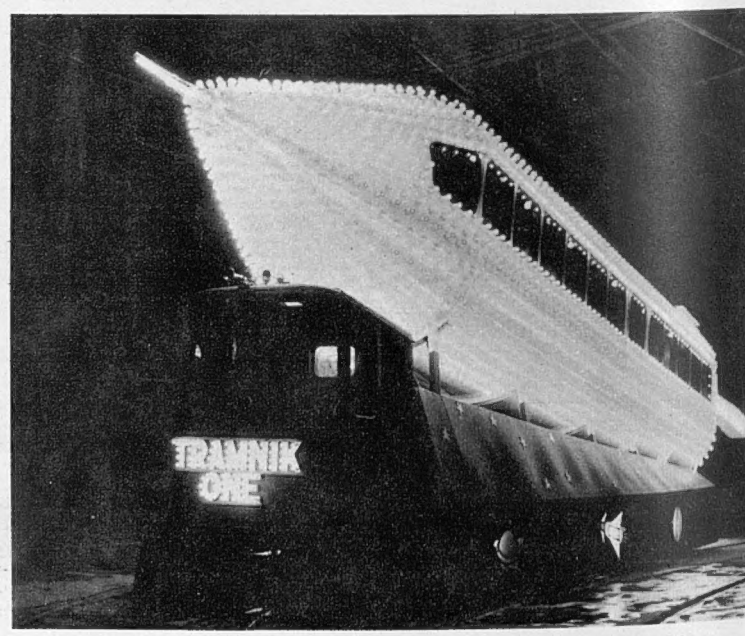
A CENTRE IN KENT FOR TRAINING TOP MANAGERS

ARCHBISHOP IN RETIREMENT

Lord Fisher of Lambeth and his wife discuss the garden of the furnished cottage they have taken on a year's lease at Sherborne, in Dorset. It has three bedrooms and a sitting-room. Lord Fisher left Lambeth Palace, in London, when he retired from the Archbishopric of Canterbury at the end of last May

THE LIGHTS GO ON IN BLACKPOOL

Far right: "Tramnik One" is a tram transformed by lights into a rocket ship to give passengers the thrills of "space travel." The Blackpool illuminations for this year were switched on last week along six miles of the Lancashire resort's promenade. They will be seen nightly until the end of October



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

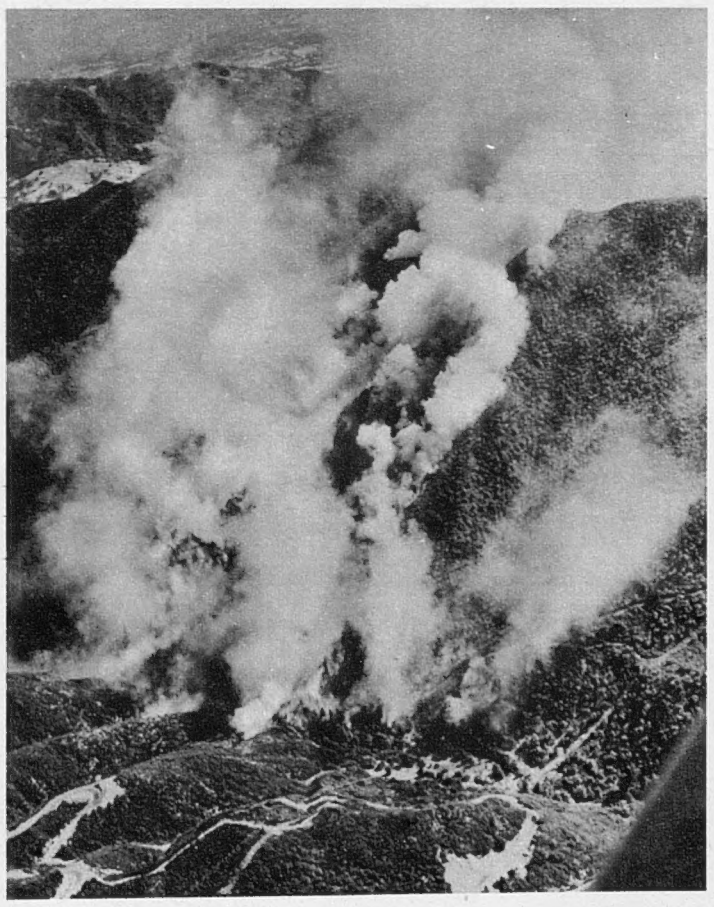
A SPECTACULAR TYPE OF CEREMONY WHICH MAY NOT BE SEEN AGAIN

Before the cremation ceremony of a Balinese Rajah, his sarcophagus, made of sandalwood and in the shape of a black bull, is drawn through the Indonesian island. In the background is the funeral tower, shaped like a temple, for the Rajah's First Queen, who was cremated at the same time. **Far right:** The flames consume the Rajah's coffin. The elaborate and traditional ritual was witnessed by a large number of people. It is expected that cremations in Bali will be simpler in future owing to a new Indonesian Government decree ordering funerals to be less expensive

TWO ASPECTS OF THE SCENE IN KATANGA, THE MOST TROUBLED AREA IN CONGO

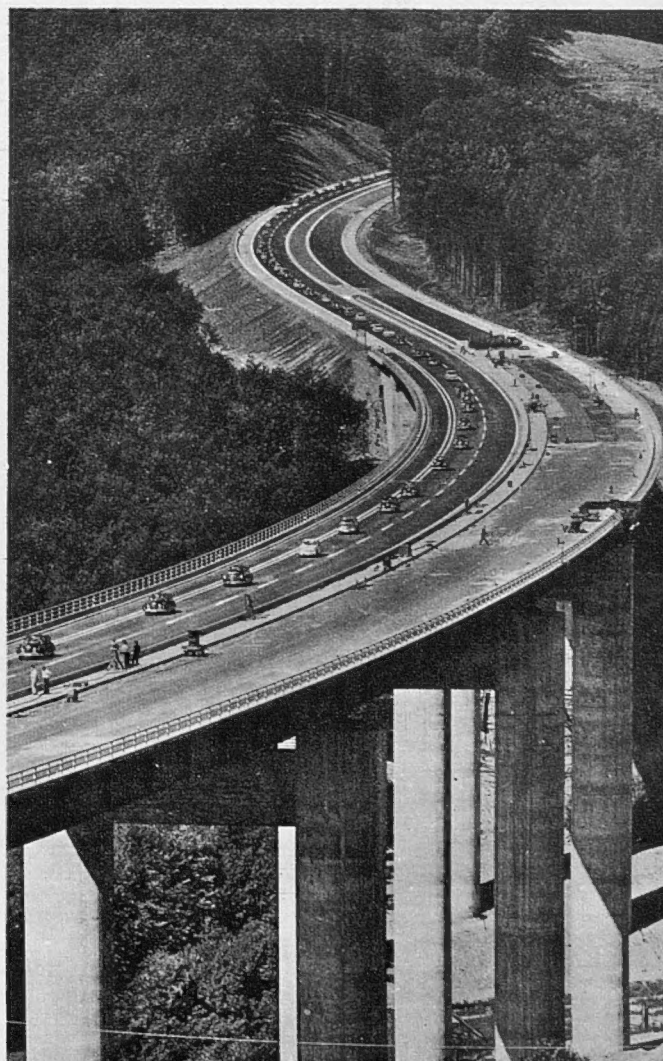
Mr. Moise Tshombe, President of separatist Katanga, waves to the crowd greeting him at Kolwezi, an important copper mining centre in the Province. A number of Europeans were reported to be still working there. **Far right:** In Elisabethville, Katanga's capital, a Swedish member of the United Nations forces is on duty at a camp for refugees. Most of the refugees reaching Elisabethville came from north Katanga and alleged they had been terrorised by President Tshombe's gendarmerie. Last week the tension between Mr. Tshombe and the United Nations' representatives was rapidly increasing

BRUSHWOOD FIRES IN CALIFORNIA



Columns of smoke billow skyward as flames make their way through timber and brush on the side of a mountain near Geyserville, in California. This was one of more than fifty timber and brush fires which raged in northern California last week, causing widespread damage and destroying several homes

NEW GERMAN HIGHWAY

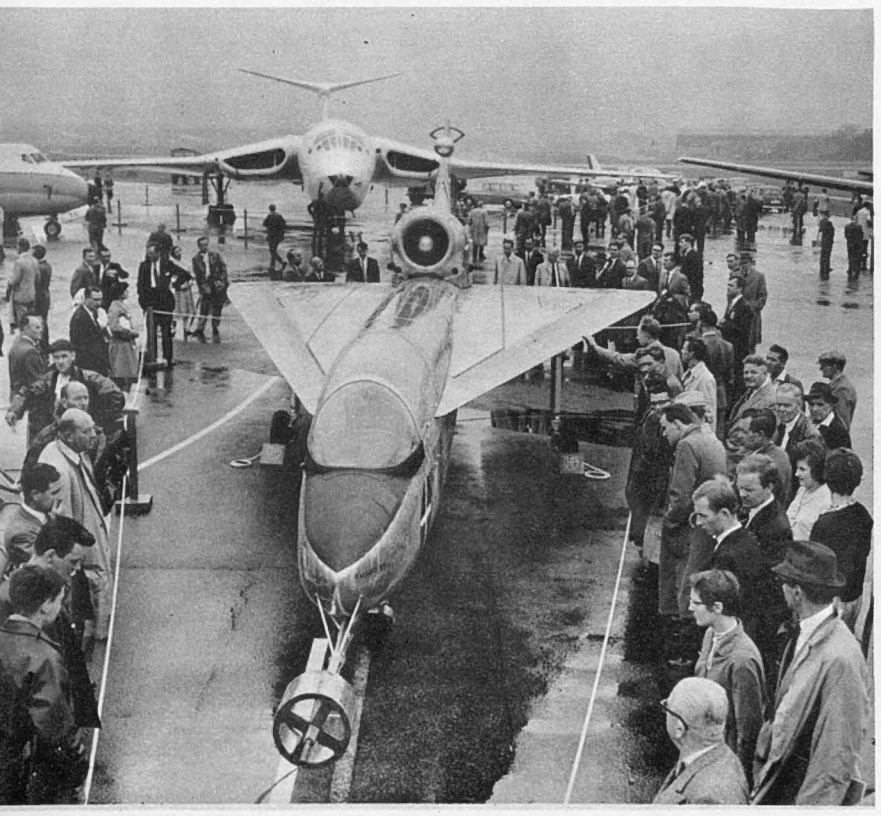


Far right: A new lap of the still incomplete Frankfurt-Nuremberg autobahn crosses the Haseltal, in the Spessart Mountains of West Germany. This section was recently opened to traffic by the Federal German Minister of Transport, Dr. Hans Christoph Seebohm. Running for 25 miles from Rohrbrunn to West Würzburg, the new section of highway is reputed to be one of the most scenic autobahn routes in West Germany

An aerial view of some of the aircraft in the static display at Farnborough. The aircraft are (in a clockwise direction from the bottom left-hand corner): a Victor, an Avro 748, a Comet IV, a Handley Page H.P.115, the Lightning and a Handley Page Herald (bottom centre). Above the Herald is a Beagle B.206

ON SHOW AT FARNBOROUGH

Poor weather greeted the opening last week of the twenty-second Flying Display and Exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors although conditions improved on later days. About 150 aircraft were on view in the display at Farnborough, a total largely made up of service aircraft. Manufacturers demonstrated twenty-three different types. Only two of these were entirely new, the Beagle B.206 and the Handley Page H.P.115. Four types of missile were shown for the first time in Britain: Blue Streak, Red Top, Blue Water and Jaguar. Among the overseas visitors on the opening day were a delegation from Russia, including Mr. Leschenko, deputy chairman of the State Committee of the Aircraft Industry, and the well-known designers, Mr. Ilyushin and Mr. Antonov. The show was open to the public on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Three hundred and fifty thousand people attended during the week.



The Handley Page H.P.115 is a narrow-delta research aircraft

The Jindivik pilotless target aircraft, currently in use at British missile ranges

Above and below: On Tuesday, which was a day of bad visibility for flying, a remarkable exhibition of aerobatics was given by the Hunters of No. 92 Squadron below the low cloud base. It was unusual to see formation flying so near to the ground. These two photographs were taken by Charles E. Brown

JOHN CONNELL

THE TIME FOR STEADY NERVES

We were warned that we should need steady nerves. There is every indication that the warning was very prescient. Is it a sign of steadiness that, after last week's Cabinet meeting, Mr. Macmillan and Lord Home went back to finish their holidays in Scotland? I recall Lord Alanbrooke's brief escapes to his beloved bird-watching during World War II, when for a few hours he could feel free of his heavy load of responsibility. There can be no doubt that our political leaders—I should have thought our military leaders, too—bear as awe-inspiring a burden now as did the War Cabinet and the Chiefs of Staff in World War II. The will and the ability to rest and relax are of considerable importance in such a situation.

For it would be foolish indeed to pretend that the situation is not very dangerous. By a grim coincidence, in the week preceding the twenty-second anniversary of the outbreak of World War II, the Soviet Union announced that, in view of the Western Powers' provocative attitude and warlike preparations, it would resume testing atomic weapons. The work of the long years of patient negotiation at Geneva was destroyed in an afternoon. Mr. Khrushchev appeared to be as relentlessly deceptive as Stalin, and—like Stalin—to have decided to supplement cunning with brute force, in the pursuit of Communist expansionism. By the following Thursday there had been four Russian test explosions, Britain and America's plea to the Soviet Union that at least there should be no explosions in the atmosphere had been contemptuously rejected, the United States had announced that it would resume its tests (though not in the atmosphere), and President de Gaulle—emerging from a long silence—had said that the West would have to meet force with force in Berlin.

Why has Mr. Khrushchev taken this perilous course? This is brinkmanship with a vengeance. Is he, as some commentators have suggested, pressed by a military clique in the Kremlin? Or is it all designed to distract attention from internal difficulties within the Communist empire? I can only say that Mr. Khrushchev seems to me, as he has long seemed, very much the master in his own house; and the Russian people, although they had been told a good deal about the warmongering activities of the Western Powers in relation to Berlin, had not—until the middle of last week—been told anything officially about their Government's decision.

There are certain factors in the situation that are not easily explicable. First, has anyone noticed the dog that didn't bark in the night? Has anyone listened to Pekin's silence on the topic which is convulsing much of the rest of the world? How is this to be accounted for? Second, we are all saying that Mr. Khrushchev has taken the most reckless gamble of modern times. Is that, in fact, true? Not even the wildest poker player can be said to be gambling when he has four aces in his hand—even if he has taken steps to deal them to himself. May not Khrushchev be playing this hand as certainly as crookedly? Is it possible that he *knows*—and I do not mean merely that he believes—that the West has no intention of going to war over Berlin? If so, he is not taking a risk; he is simply, like any other combative campaign general, exploiting his opponents' weakness, of which his intelligence services have given him irrefutable proof.

Mr. Macmillan arrives in London from Scotland for last week's Cabinet meeting

On what other basis is it possible rationally to comprehend the Russian Ambassador's breezy if somewhat disconcerting assurance to the distressed and perplexed delegation of nuclear disarmers, who called on him in Kensington Park Gardens: "Don't worry, boys; you 'll live to a ripe old age"? This apparently flippant observation seems to me to be of considerable significance, even if it did not have quite the effect which the Ambassador intended on those to whom it was addressed. What mattered about it was its impact on a much bigger, far more politically sophisticated audience.

For surely it had the unspoken corollary: you 'll live because you want to live; co-existence—don't let 's fuss about its terms for the time being—is better than annihilation; go on marching and carrying your banners; we shan't worry, and you won't, either. This is a crude and cynical analysis of men's motives, but Marxism-Leninism has its crude and cynical aspects. The cash nexus, whose meaning was so lucidly expounded by Engels, has evolved into the power nexus. There is a price to be paid, not for individual survival, but for humanity's survival. The individual can cry "Give me liberty or give me death," but where 's the liberty if all the world 's a grave?

At the Labour Party Conference last year Mr. Gaitskell, harried by the unilateralists within his Party's ranks, angrily described them as "Communists, neutralists and fellow-travellers." The events of the past fortnight have disclosed the inaccuracy of this condemnation. Unilateralists are *not* Communist stooges or fellow-travellers. The rest of us have been unjust to them. Because they have been credulous about the nobility of Russian motives and about the wickedness of the Western Powers, the unilateralists have been of some trivial use to the Soviet Union. But now they can be discarded with a rough joke; and they may, or they may not, be of use again. It says much for their honesty and sincerity that they are marching and protesting. If they were animated only by political ambition they would lay a claim to lead the Western Powers, with the exception of France. President de Gaulle is not a unilateralist; and at heart the rest of us are, however much we may slur it over, however loud our talk about instant and massive retaliation and however huge our defence budgets.

This is not said to shock, but in an effort to think truthfully and constructively. Our bluff can be called time and time again, and it is his knowledge of this fact that puts his four aces into Mr. Khrushchev's hand. President de Gaulle is different and morally far more formidable; he does not bluff and he does not deceive himself. Has Mr. Khrushchev got his measure? Unless he has, his non-gamble may yet prove to be a gamble and a swindle.

He and his people do not want war. Britain and America, leaders and led alike, do not want war. We have no intention of taking the risk of destroying the planet and all life on it. So long as the nuclear deterrent was a deterrent, we were justified in holding on to it. Since the week before last we have had implicitly to admit that it is no longer an effective deterrent. The open admission ought to take time; but the Soviet Union is likely to grudge us that time. Mr. Khrushchev is in a hurry; less patient than Stalin, less crafty and—beneath his bluster—more certain of his power, he wants the results of a war without war, and he sees many of them within his grasp. Conventionally this is the classic situation whose conclusion is an outbreak of war. This was so in 1914 and in 1939.

There have been many—far too many—international crises in my lifetime. There has never been one in which there was less sense of war's imminence. Can we confront in ourselves the real explanation of London's calm in September 1961, its steadiness of nerve?

Mine may be a subjective, fallacious and perverse assessment. A commentator such as I am ought frequently to remind himself that it is possible that he may be wrong. I could have made a considerable donkey of myself over the neutralists' conference in Belgrade; but I think now that Mr. Khrushchev has accurately, if uncharitably, gauged the strategic importance of neutralism, and has decided that, though the neutralists may go through all the motions of protest without any insincerity, they cannot, and will not, offer any real impediment to his policies. They are not his satellites; their opinions do not matter to him.

As to the Western Powers, I wonder whether any of Mr. Khrushchev's psychological warfare advisers have drawn his attention to Chesterton's *The Secret People*, and to one line of it in particular:

> And a few men talked of freedom, while England talked of ale.

It is an English habit to talk of ale; few, down the centuries, have talked of freedom, though many have fought for it. Those few have talked nobly. Their voices now are silent. Is freedom a concept that is now best forgotten? I do not think so. But at present one man in the Western world talks of freedom, and has fought for it, too. His name is Charles de Gaulle. It would be unwise to ignore him; and if Mr. Khrushchev's literary and psychological researches could take him to the end of *The Secret People*, he might think it unwise, in the last resort, to ignore even the apparently unawakened English, for

> It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,
> Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the worst.

With a wealth of expressive gestures, President de Gaulle at his Press conference in Paris last week declared that the Western Powers must "stand straight and firm" in Berlin. If threatened by force, they must use force to maintain their positions there. It might be difficult for the Allies to act in Berlin itself because it was far from their bases, but they could retaliate against Russia by seizing Russian aircraft and ships in Western areas or by refusing them facilities. Such action, said the President, might lead to general war, but "that could only happen if the Russians wanted it to." Analysing the crisis, he found "in this tumult of Russian cursing and threats" something so arbitrary and artificial that he was led to believe it was the result either of "frenetic ambition," or, as seemed more likely to him, great internal difficulties in the Soviet Union. To achieve peace, the Russians would have to stop their threats and set about reducing tension instead of stimulating it. A third world war "would mean the end of the Communist regime" and the Soviet leaders knew perfectly well that this could happen. On the question of Algeria, the President reiterated his policy of self-determination through a provisional Algerian authority in which the F.L.N. (Mr. Ben Khedda's Nationalists) could join

PRESIDENTIAL EXPRESSIONS

b

The 45,000-ton *Canberra* moves into Southampton Docks at the conclusion of her maiden voyage. This newest liner of P. & O.-Orient Lines, left Southampton on June 2 for Australia, the Pacific and the United States West Coast

A general view of the International Packaging Exhibitio opened by Lord Cornwallis, who is President of th

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

"THE NAME'S THE SAME." This is the time of year when scientists of the British Association meet in conclave to consider the benefits they have conferred on our civilisation, built up laboriously over thousands of years, and to concert new measures to carry the good work on. They chose Norwich as the venue (as the Man in the Moon did), and the voice of their president, Sir Wilfrid Clark, opened proceedings with a solemn note of warning. The advantages which science had conferred on civilisation were too obvious for comment. Could it be that these enormous benefits, like new drugs, had bred new diseases in the beneficiaries? He was convinced that it was so; that the disease of selfishness in an acute form now threatened utterly to extinguish our civilisation. Uncontrolled struggles for political power or economic superiority were eating into its foundations and he doubted whether the human species can now avoid at least partial extinction through the misapplication of its own ingenuity. In a small and local way, I have observed the serious increase in this old disease of selfishness in its acute form. The "broad and plastic adaptability of the human species" has well-digested the benefits conferred in a material sense, but in a sociological or spiritual sense—no. Speaking for the scientists, you observe, he throws the whole blame on *us*. The pearls they discovered have been thrown among swine. The fault is ours, the pearl divers are blameless. Sir Wilfrid, of course, didn't enlarge on his theme and awful warning in simple, crude phrases like mine. He used the gobbledygook of scientists. But the conclusion was the same. "An essential prerequisite for any attempt at further unification for the good of mankind as a whole is the ability to give full expression to the impulse for co-operation characteristic of the humanity of man." In other words, "Here are your Christmas presents, children. Don't be so blasted selfish and quarrelsome over them."

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT. As I expected, I received one or two comments on my reference to Dr. Buchman's death and his movement. One at least was as temperate as I hoped all would be, for I stressed in my comment the faith and sincerity of the movement. The correspondent restated, by way of correcting me, the basic principles of the movement: "They are absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love; and listen to the voice of God early in the morning; nothing less, nothing more, and in that order of priority." This correspondent (Commander R.N., retired) then described how he was confronted by these rigid principles and saw how miserably he had failed to live up to them. He put it to me that I could face them myself and put right the things that are wrong in my own life and so become a rebuilder of this nation and the whole world. "When England," he added, "lives the ideology of M.R.-A., then the whole world will look up to us, Communist and non-Communist alike; and *it is not too late*." He admits that forty years of the movement have not yet shown startling results. That is because men like me see that M.R.-A. is right, but do nothing about it but criticise or ridicule it. He himself, he admits, still fails to be what he should be. But he and the movement will not rest, and will yet win England and the world for God before it is too late and we are taken over by a godless tyranny. He himself is now an old man of seventy-six, but he assures me it is never too late to mend and cites "an old Lady of the Court who started when she was eighty." How far she got, he doesn't say. Such absolute standards lie at the end of an uphill road on a peak which One only has ever climbed. And today "the reward of it all" seems perhaps farther away than at any time since Christianity was born. That is no reason for any man or woman to hesitate to tackle the foot-hill path; and only fools would think of scoffing at absolute faith. Because, in my opinion, my correspondent describes that faith at its most absolute, I thought it fair to give him a little wider publicity. M.R.-A. can't have too much of it.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LADY CHATTERLEY. I believe the verdict of twelve anonymous "good men and women true" on the Chatterley case will be regarded by future social historians as of sufficient importance as a landmark to be mentioned in their books. A novelist might find an amusing plot for a *Bridge of San Luis Rey* type of novel in following the careers of twelve imaginary jurors and a few expert witnesses in a "Chatterley" case. He would work out how the middle-class mind in Britain in the 1960's arrived at its verdict and describe what resulted from its unanimous decision that a crude, snobbish, defiant novelist had produced in *Lady Chatterley* a novel of such transcendent art and genius that its manifest faults could be excused. For, indeed, *Lady C.* is as boring to read as *Sons and Lovers*. Subsequent events? "Everybody" read it. The publicity reaped

at Olympia in London. The exhibition from September 5-15 was

Institute of Packaging and Chairman of Albert E. Reed and Co.

Hop-picking in progress on the Whitbread Farm at Beltring, in Kent. About 20,000 pickers from many parts of London are now enjoying their annual hop-picking holiday

a rich harvest for the publishers. Success was, of course, exploited. But *The Trial of Lady Chatterley* was something of a flop; and when, greatly daring, the Arts Theatre put the novel on the stage, they showed an initial timidity which evoked in the audience many guffaws and yawns. So they tried a little more realism in the bedroom scene. It just wasn't good enough for a newly-enfranchised public to see the adulterous pair tucked up together, the one draped in a sheet and the other in "trunks." After all, we can do better with strip-tease. Now, at the time of writing, they are seeing what they can do, by tearing off the remaining modesty veils. The second-rate in novels and plays never hoodwinks the public for long, and I should not wonder if before very long all the jury and most of the experts at the trial came to the conclusion that they had all been in labour to bring forth a very *ridiculus mus*. Indeed, "we know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits"—of *im*morality (to bring Macaulay up to date).

Mr. Alfred Birch, of Wyre Hill, Bewdley, Worcestershire, maintains a thriving business as a maker of besom brooms. He is seen here at work. The old traditions of craftsmanship can still be found in this county

"BY AND LARGE." I have always agreed with Max Beerbohm's dim view of the blunting of precision in the English language by the introduction of Americanisms and journalese. He said it produces muddiness, not only in thought but in political policy, in morality and in conduct. No doubt it does. Our Ministers were among the first to catch the trick in the endeavour to show that they have not lost the common touch, and, as an instance, "never had it so good" did no good to Mr. Macmillan. The military men, of course, catch it as quickly as any. On the other hand, there are many sound philologists who hold the view that a language not being constantly enriched by modern terms grows deficient in vitality and may become a dead language. Shakespeare was coining new terms and words all his life and today they are classics of pure English. Messrs. Offer and Gaskell in recent letters to *The Daily Telegraph* have specially castigated the term "by and large," and I remember I myself was trounced cruelly by readers for once using it two years ago. In defence, one can draw a clear distinction between the use of technical terms recognised in our occupations and sports, and mere catchwords and slang. "By and large," so far from meaning "absolutely nothing," was, in the days of sail, as full of meaning as any surviving nautical terms and instructions. It was more important and clearly expressive than the cricketing terms "batting on a sticky wicket" or "hit them for six." These, being easily understood, are seldom condemned by precisionists today. "By and large" is only condemned because its meaning has been forgotten. To those who have forgotten, of course it is a vague and muddy bit of journalese signifying nothing. When used in its original meaning, it is a perfectly justifiable simile None will condemn me if I say of a tricky politician or financier that he is "sailing a bit close to the wind." The meaning is understood. But certainly I am not going to indulge in "met up with" or "face up to" or other such American tautological horrors, or indulge in bureaucratic jargon. I shall try to avoid such stuff as Parkinsons are made of: "In the circumstances, consideration should be given to the possibility of carrying into effect. . . ." "By and large," I favour calling a spade a spade. So does Sir Ernest Gowers.

HAMPSHIRE CHAMPIONS—THE REASON WHY. A very tardy note on the cricket championship. I rejoice with Hampshire and take pride in my new county. I sorrow for my old love, Sussex, in its late fall from grace. No doubt, all the reasons given for Hampshire's triumph are valid and healthy. They played the game with smiling faces and were excellently led. They possess one or two first-class batsmen and bowlers and some young and very keen recruits, none of them so illustrious as to be obsessed by their publicised reputations. Like the Australians, they grasped the opportunities which cricket always brings and exploited them. But we may adduce a more material "reason why": they could play *as a team*. Their star performers were never snatched from them in critical games to play Test cricket or other exceptional star fixtures. How much better might have been Sussex's ranking, if Dexter had been available as captain, batsman and bowler all the season through. The sad truth is that when there are Test matches in England, the county championship is a one-sided affair and the result can hardly be accepted as a test of sheer merit. The "stars" in the courses fight against the "galaxy" counties, and lesser bodies can take the brilliance from them. All the same, the shades of Nyren and the Hambledon men must be keeping high revel late in the day and late into the night.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

Fanny (Leslie Caron) at her fish stall

FANNY

at the Warner Theatre from September 14

César (Charles Boyer) argues with his son Marius (Horst Buchholz) over a chess board

On the quayside on the Marseilles waterfront, Fanny confesses that she has always loved Mar

Panisse (Maurice Chevalier), Escartifique (Baccaloni), César, Marius and Monsieur Brun (Lionel Jeffries)

Marcel Pagnol's trilogy of films about life on the waterfront of Marseilles has long been a landmark in the cinema. Magnificently acted, it captured the warm idiosyncrasies of a gregarious, poor people, whose chief delight was to sit in a bar and talk. The detailed observation of a way of life was held together by a strong plot. Warner's new version, telescoped into one film running for over two hours, has been directed by Joshua Logan. It has, in itself, a rather complicated history. It is based directly on a musical version of the trilogy, partly written by Logan, which ran successfully on Broadway. *Fanny*, however, is not a musical. It is a loving re-creation, which in places follows Pagnol almost shot for shot, in colour and wide-screen and set against the waterfront of present-day Marseilles. Joshua Logan and his director of photography, Jack Cardiff, have mounted the film in a spectacular and often enchanting frame. But its success must depend on the strength of its cast—Leslie Caron as the young girl Fanny; Maurice Chevalier, looking anything but debonair, as the elderly sailmaker Panisse; Charles Boyer as the bar-keeper César; and Horst Buchholz as César's son, Marius. Of the supporting players, the most outstanding is Georgette Anys as Honorine, Fanny's fat, shrewd fish-wife of a mother. The plot in outline is simple. Fanny has always wanted to marry Marius, but he yearns to go to sea, his sea fever fanned by the eccentric old sailor (Raymond Bussière). Marius does go to sea, leaving Fanny behind. She finds that she is expecting his child. In despair she agrees to marry Panisse, who has always wanted a son to continue his business. A year later Marius returns, his dreams of far-off romance having foundered on reality. Backed by César, god-father of her child, Fanny refuses to leave Panisse. In despair Marius leaves the waterfront once more to become a mechanic. This, happily, is not the end of the story.

Fanny, now married to Panisse, anxiously searches for her son who has wandered away on the waterfront

Marius joins a ship for the " Isles Beneath the Sea "

Panisse the sailmaker, happy and triumphant, dressed in his wedding finery

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

A new 380-mile cable along the St. Lawrence River

The Canadian mainland shore-end of the new transatlantic multi-purpose telecommunications cable being laid by the Canadian Overseas Telecommunication Corporation was recently spliced, as the laying of the St. Lawrence River section of the cable got under way at Grosses Roches, Quebec.

The St. Lawrence River section of the cable, 380 miles long, extends along the river and across the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Grosses Roches to Corner Brook, Newfoundland. The 6,000-ton *Alert*, launched at Glasgow, Scotland, last November, laid the first wholly Canadian-owned multi-purpose telecommunications cable as her maiden job. The cable and the repeaters, devices which amplify the signals, have been specially designed and constructed to conform to Canadian requirements. The St. Lawrence section provides 120 voice-grade circuits, the greatest number so far attempted in a cable. It is also an early link in the Commonwealth round-the-world cable system which has still to be completed.

The section, with twenty submersible repeaters inserted in its length at regular intervals, was manufactured by Submarine Cables Limited, of London, England, who were awarded the contract by the C.O.T.C. in 1958.

The Corner Brook end of the St. Lawrence segment will connect at Hampden, Newfoundland, with the transatlantic cable now being laid by H.M.T.S. *Monarch*. From Grosses Roches, the St. Lawrence cable will extend over the Canadian domestic system to the C.O.T.C. overseas terminal at Montreal.

The complete transatlantic section, including the St. Lawrence segment, is expected to be in service by November of this year.

CF-100 jets and Sabre jets of the Royal Canadian Air Force fly past in the rehearsal for the International Air Show in Toronto

Mrs. Indira Gandhi, daughter of Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, talks to African children in Dar-es-Salaam in the course of a two-day visit to Tanganyika. This was part of her goodwill tour of East African countries

PAKISTAN

Confidence in the £213,000,000 plan for the country's economic development

A recent review of the implementation of the industrial investment schedule in the private sector during the first year of the Second Five-Year Plan, that is, from July 1960 to June 30, 1961, has revealed a startling rate of utilisation. Commenting on the review, the Government has said that the rate of progress was indicative of the confidence in the private sector for the development of the country's economy. Against the total expenditure of Rs. 2,850,000,000 (£213,750,000) envisaged in the schedule, the amount utilised during the first year was Rs. 1,360,000,000, representing 48 per cent. of the total. This has necessitated a revision of the investment schedule.

The maximum achievement was in the textile sector, where Rs. 436,600,000 were utilised in the first year against a total stipulation of Rs. 638,500,000 for the entire plan period. This sector was closely followed by chemicals in which Rs. 412,500,000 were spent against Rs. 497,700,000. The target of Rs. 45,500,000 in respect of leather and rubber has surpassed even the Plan targets and the amount actually utilised during the first year was Rs. 46,300,000.

Investment provisions made for thirty-two items, including new units and balancing of the existing ones, have been exhausted, and for them new sanctions will not be given. The utilisation of the export bonus vouchers for the import of machinery for them has also been stopped. At the same time, however, a revised investment schedule may now incorporate new industries not included in the present schedule.

Meanwhile, the Government has also effected certain changes in the Planning Commission by way of reorganisation. From August 1, the Planning Commission became a division of the President's secretariat, with the President at its head. The Projects Division has merged in the Planning Commission.

The Planning Commission will have on its staff foreign experts and other highly qualified technicians. It will analyse and make recommendations in important economic programmes and plans. Execution of particular plans will remain the responsibility of respective ministries. On matters relating to economic development, the Commission will be in direct communication with every Ministry of the Central Government. The Commission will have a similar working relationship with development departments of the two provinces.

WEALTH

Mr. B. V. Cooksey, M.P., of New Zealand, and Mallam Shehu Shagari, M.P., from Nigeria, at a reception given by the Joint Commonwealth Societies in London

Mr. Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth Relations Secretary, talks with Alhaji Kabiru Bayero, M.P., a member of the Nigerian delegation to the Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference

Lady Robinson, wife of Sir Roland Robinson, M.P., Chairman of the General Council of the C.P.A., with Australia's Senator, Sir Alister McMullin

Masinhji Bhasahib Rana, Speaker of the Gujarat Legislative Assembly

LONDON WELCOMES COMMONWEALTH M.P.s

From all parts of the Commonwealth delegates arrived in London at the beginning of this month for the Seventh Commonwealth Parliamentary Conference and Visit. One of their earliest engagements was at a reception given by the Joint Commonwealth Societies' Council. The programme for the delegates falls into two parts. The first, currently being undertaken, consists of tours of various places in Britain. The second part starts on September 25, when the Queen formally opens the sessions of the Conference in Westminster Hall. The final session is on September 30 and the visit ends two days later.

The aim of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association, which originated in 1911, is to promote understanding and co-operation for common purposes between those engaged in the Parliamentary government of the countries of the Commonwealth.

CEYLON

Improvements in accommodation and other facilities to attract tourists

Ceylon is launching fresh moves towards a fuller exploitation of the island's positive assets and attractions as a tourist resort. The Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, has taken the Government Tourist Bureau under her own wing and initiated efforts to establish tourism as a major earner of foreign exchange.

Action is to be taken on a number of fronts. Accommodation facilities are to be increased in key places, largely through the expansion of existing rest-houses—one-time bungalows for administrators on circuit now turned into tourist inns. Several rest-houses have already been improved, and provide modern amenities and comfortable accommodation at very reasonable rates. Both Western and Ceylonese food is served, and all rest-houses are licensed for the sale of liquor. Meals are provided at short notice, and the principle is that no visitor who asks for a meal should be turned away. Several of the better rest-houses are currently run by the Government Tourist Bureau itself, while others are in the charge of local authorities.

Facilities for seeing Ceylon's abundant wild life are to be increased. Gal Oya, site of Ceylon's first major multi-purpose power and irrigation project and also a vantage point for observing wild elephants, leopard and wild boar, is being developed as a tourist area. Plans are being discussed for providing greater accommodation to visitors to Yala, Ceylon's big game sanctuary in the south-east. Other local advantages are also to be maximised. The government-run rest-house at Hikkaduwa, 60 miles south of Colombo, is being expanded to cater to visitors who like a holiday by the sea. Beach huts may soon supplement the accommodation available in the main rest-house. Apart from safe bathing and stretches of broad sandy beaches, Hikkaduwa also offers an expanse of magnificent coral deposits, easily viewed by swimmers and non-swimmers alike. The latter can peer at the sea-bed corals and the multitude of fish which frolic in it from the dry comfort of glass-bottomed boats.

Internal air services are being developed to provide faster travel for the tourist. Air Ceylon now runs daily flights linking Colombo to Jaffna (the major northern city which has a remarkable Dutch fort), Batticaloa (a town on the east coast which also offers miles of good beach), and Gal Oya. There are three flights weekly between Colombo and Anurdhapura, Ceylon's best-known ruined city, whose history goes back to the third century B.C. and whose monuments are among the world's most remarkable. The airline also runs two flights each week between Colombo and Trincomalee, once a key naval base on Ceylon's east coast.

As a further step, the Government is now considering ways of relaxing visa and customs formalities for tourists entering the country. British tourists need no visas for stays up to three months.

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

Donkeys are still a common form of transport in Bahia, Brazil's first capital

Old houses in a square in Rio de Janeiro, the second capital of Brazil and the co

CONTRASTS IN BRAZIL

Brazil came prominently into the news at the beginning of this month owing to the crisis over its Presidency. South America's largest country, both territorially and in size of population, has an area of 3,289,000 sq. miles (about three-sevenths of the entire South American Continent) and some 66,000,000 inhabitants. It is a land of contrasts. In the north are the River Amazon and the uncharted jungles in which Colonel Fawcett disappeared some thirty years ago on his search for the " Lost City " wherein he believed civilisation had dawned. In Central Brazil is the vast plateau of the Matto Grosso. The majority of the cities and towns are in the coastal regions and these communities display a variety of styles of architecture.

It is generally conceded that Brazil (named after the red-dye wood trees in which it abounded) was discovered by the Portuguese about 1500. It was immediately annexed into their Empire. The first capital was Bahia (or Sao Salvador). Today, with its cobbled streets and old buildings, it seems to live in the past.

In 1763, the capital was moved to Rio de Janeiro, now the largest city in the country. Although it has its older areas, Rio for the most part is a modern city, as are many of the communities on the coast such as Sao Paulo, Brazil's commercial centre, and Santos.

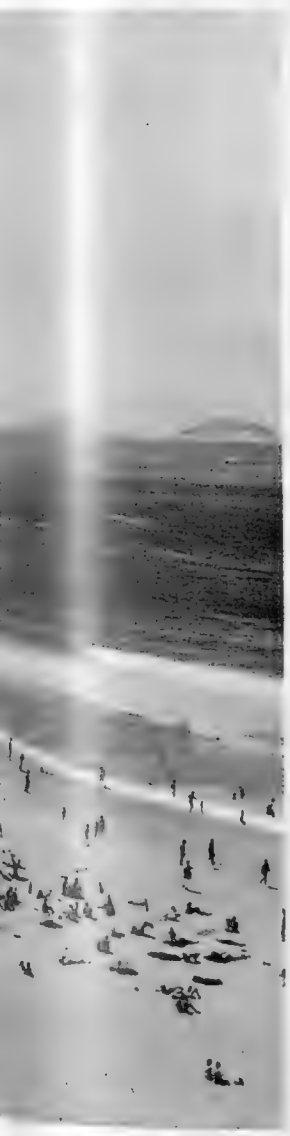
The most remarkable city is the new capital, Brasilia, one of the town-planning Wonders of the Modern World, situated some 600 miles inland north-west from Rio. Planned and designed by two of Brazil's foremost architects, Lucio Costa and Oscar Niemeyer, it was formally inaugurated a year-and-a-half ago by the then President, Juscelino Kubitschek. Laid out on a site which was originally a wilderness, it represents a tremendous

(*Continued on page 424*)

The Copacabana beach is near Rio de Janeiro. The cone-shaped hill is known as the Sugar Loaf

try's largest city

Sao Paulo, with its tall blocks of offices and flats, is one of the important business and financial centres



Long windows are a feature of the Palace of the Dawn in Brasilia, the new capital. The photograph was taken soon after Brasilia's inauguration

The new buildings are in Santos, southwards along the coast from Rio

One of the avenues in the centre of Sao Paulo

CONTRASTS IN BRAZIL

(*Continued from page 422*)

feat of engineering and every one of its buildings has been created as a work of art in itself.

Brazil is primarily an agricultural country, producing livestock, coffee, castor beans, oranges, cocoa, sugar and tobacco. Rubber is another natural product. The most important manufacturing industry is cotton weaving. Minerals are another source of economic wealth.

Politically Brazil has for a long time maintained an independent outlook. In 1822, it separated from Portugal and became a kingdom on its own under the Emperor Pedro I, son of the then King of Portugal. In 1889, however, a republican constitution was adopted.

In the world of today Brazil tends to follow a neutral foreign policy. It was one of the three Latin-American countries invited to send observers to the recent conference of Non-Aligned Nations in Belgrade.

A busy street market in Bahia

In the fishing port of Bahia the boats are similar in appearance to Arab dhows.

Left : A conference room in one of the many ultra-modern buildings in Brasilia

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SPECIALISTS IN GARDENING

A friend of mine recently opened his garden to the public under the National Gardens Scheme of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. As you will know, the object of this scheme is to provide annual grants and to give other assistance to those nurses who, after years of devoted and unselfish service, have already retired or who are too old to benefit by the superannuation schemes now in force. An agreed percentage of the proceeds—the usual charge for admission is one shilling—is given for the use of the National Trust Gardens Scheme in return for their support and help, and this money is used for the upkeep of gardens of national and historic importance. Two very worthy objectives.

So, when I was asked if I would take the money at the gate, I agreed readily. Do not be misled by this into thinking that I am a worthy citizen. I have to admit that it was not entirely the thought that I would be helping two good causes by so doing that prompted my immediate acceptance of the invitation. The knowledge that I should be spending an afternoon sitting in a chair in very pleasant surroundings had a good deal to do with it. Also I was fairly sure that there would not be many visitors and that I should have very little to do. I like sitting and doing nothing.

I was fairly sure that there would not be many visitors because this is a botanist's garden, a specialist's garden; which is to say, not by any means the ordinary gardener's garden. Somebody once said: " To make a garden is an adventure which, properly handled, will last a lifetime." This particular garden has taken fifty-six years to make, and is not yet finished. When the site was bought by the present owner in 1904 it was a steep and neglected hillside, capped by a group of tall Scots firs, which formed the northern slope of a narrow valley and extended for some 4 acres around a 300-year-old cottage. A " winterbourne " runs along the floor of the valley and provides a narrow strip of alluvial soil, but the soil on the rest of the land is hungry acid sand overlying small pockets of gravel and sandstone rock. This is not the sort of soil to appeal to the average gardener, and most certainly not the sort of situation to lend itself to a formal garden or to the normal run of garden plants.

Let me quote from one of the specialist papers, describing this garden: " It is difficult to 'create' simplicity and many attempts to make a natural garden are doomed from the start just because they are, so obviously, fabrications. It is rarely that an ideal position falls into the hands of the right gardener—one who possesses the imagination and the ability to marry the wild and the tame so harmoniously that it is scarcely possible to perceive where nature has been checked and the hand of man has taken over." But this has happened here. It is one of the loveliest natural gardens to be found anywhere in the South of England. All the same, it requires the eye of the specialist. Only the specialist is really capable of distinguishing between 135 varieties of heather, and appreciating them. Only the specialist will really appreciate the skilful under-planting of a fir wood ; and so on. I did not think that there would be all that number of specialists in the neighbourhood. I looked forward to a pleasantly lazy afternoon.

It is a very long time since I have spent a busier one. We opened at two o'clock—there was one family waiting for us to do so—and from then until we closed at seven there was hardly an idle moment. The last visitor arrived at three minutes to seven. It was apparent that quite a large proportion of the visitors had no real interest in gardens at all. Husband and wife and the kids were just there for a cheap day-out in the open air. Two or three brought sandwiches, and one a portable transistor radio—there is no getting away from this invention of the devil nowadays. But it was all grist to the mill, and they were all exceptionally well-behaved.

Of course, there were also the gardeners. Quite a few were professional gardeners. Most of these had no interest whatever in heathers, but made a bee-line for the small vegetable garden, where they examined the products of one of their colleagues with a most critical eye. And there were the specialists. These intrigued me immensely. Some had come from considerable distances just to see one plant. They came in, paid their shillings, took a map of the garden, went straight to whatever it was they wished particularly to see, and then went away. Not one of them seemed to have any interest in the garden as a garden. I think that being a specialist must be very dull.

I did not, of course, have time to observe people as they went round the garden. I was much too occupied taking their money. And this provided a most revealing light on human nature. To begin with, whenever somebody drew up in a large motor-car (some with chauffeurs), I would say to myself: " Ah, here 's a quid." I soon got to know that the larger the motor-car, the more certain the shilling. Not surprising, perhaps: motoring is expensive. But an astonishing number of people would hand over half a crown and refuse change. And eight people handed me notes and refused to take change, saying: " Oh no, it 's for the nurses." It was a heart-warming experience, in this age of the Welfare State, to find ordinary humble folk with the charitable instinct strong within them.

The thing that astonished me most throughout the afternoon was what might best be described as the " regulation wear " for visiting gardens open to the public. It was a warm, sunny day, and almost all the women had put on their best cotton frocks for the occasion. But a large number of them, and quite a few of the men too, carried umbrellas. Not mackintoshes, but just an umbrella, unrolled. Now, if you think about it, you do not see many people walking about the countryside with unrolled umbrellas. Mackintoshes, yes : gumboots, yes. But umbrellas, rolled or unrolled: no. It intrigued me immensely. I could not understand why. I should not know to this day, for I am a simple soul, had not one lady dropped her umbrella just as she was leaving. To her blushing embarrassment some cuttings dropped out.

You know, I was wrong about the number of specialists in the neighbourhood.

A Citroen ID-19, pulling a Cheltenham *Sable* caravan, negotiates a corner on the road to Skye, 500 ft. above Loch Duich, between Shiel Bridge and Dornie, in the county of Ross-shire. This is one of the better known views in the West Highlands of Scotland. The Caravan Exhibition opens at Earls Court on September 20 for ten days. Over 200 caravans will be on display in surroundings designed to be as natural as possible. Amenities and accessories essential to caravan life will be displayed on stands throughout the hall

TRAVEL

BY THE SEA OF GALILEE

By **GORDON COOPER**

There is no part of Israel more evocative of Christ's life than the countryside by the Sea of Galilee, which is so much part of the New Testament. It seems to have changed very little during the past 2,000 years. Fortunately, the area is practically innocent of commercialisation, unlike Jerusalem, where beggars assail the pilgrim ascending the stairs to Mount Zion.

Haifa is a good starting-point for anyone wishing to explore Northern Israel. Twelve miles distant from the port is Beit She'Arim, once the seat of the Sanhedrin, the Supreme Council of the Jews. But today the great attraction is its necropolis, with some remarkable catacombs hewn out of the hillside rock. In the third century A.D. this was a hallowed burial-place. The caves offer a museum of craftsmanship in stone and marble. This is a showpiece of Israel's archæology.

Unless you are in a hurry to reach Tiberias I suggest you should continue to the south-east in order to visit Megiddo, a spot renowned through the ages for its military importance. Here you can see the ruins of the stables built by Solomon for his cavalry; and there is a view over the entire Valley of Jezreel and on to Armageddon.

Passing through the market centre of Afula, Nazareth, halfway between the Mediterranean coast and the Sea of Galilee, is reached. A new hotel, the New Grand (B. cat.) has recently been opened in the town, and there are various hospices at which you can stay. The city lies in a basin among the hills, and it is the centre of the largest community of Arabs in Israel. There is a strange combination in this city of the exotic and the commonplace, the colourful and the drab.

Nazareth is full of sites venerated by Christians of all denominations. The seventeenth century Basilica of the Annunciation has been demolished in preparation for the erection of a large new shrine. But, carefully tended, the Grotto of the Annunciation can be seen. Here is the column marking the spot where the Angel of the Annunciation reputedly stood. The hands of millions of pilgrims have smoothed its surface; to touch the " Angel's Column " means the fulfilment of many a pilgrim's vow.

Nearby is the modern church of St. Joseph, beneath being a cave believed to have been the dwelling-place of Mary and Joseph. A few hundred yards from the centre of the town is Mary's Well, a picturesque sight until recently, but now replaced by a new water system, an amenity doubtless welcome to the women. In this town of churches, I would make special mention of the Greek-Orthodox St. Gabriel's Church, the Greek-Catholic Synagogue Church, the Mensa Christi Church (Franciscan), and the Church of the Infant Jesus (French Salesians), which is situated on the height above Nazareth and commands the finest view of the city.

Passing Mount Tabor, whose summit is reached by a winding road and where there is the Basilica of the Transfiguration, Tiberias is reached. This city, capital of Galilee, was a famous winter retreat in Roman times, and its hot springs have been known since antiquity for their curative powers, especially in cases of rheumatism, gout and some nervous disorders. Even today this place, some 680 ft. below sea-level, is delightful during the winter months. It is so mild that swimming is pleasant in the lake even in mid-winter; and the presence of an excellent hotel—the Galei Kinnereth contributes considerably to one's comfort.

The Church of the Italian Hospice on the Mount of the Beatitudes in Galilee

Close to Tiberias is the Tomb of Rabbi Meir, which is considered to be one of the holiest sanctuaries in Israel. On the eastern side of the lake is the communal settlement of Ein Gev, which is close to the Syrian frontier. Here, each year, an important musical festival is staged. Following the road to the south, Degania, known as the " mother of the kibbutzim," is reached; it was founded in 1909 by Russian immigrants and today presents a wonderful sight of prosperous farming. The Sea of Galilee is rich in fish, some of them strange. The barbut, for instance, wails when taken out of the water. (St. Peter's fish is most tasty—try it at Aaron's Restaurant.)

Near Tiberias, places to visit include Migdal, or Magdala, birthplace of Mary Magdalene; Tabgha and the Church of the Multiplication, built on the site of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. At this ruined church there are some beautiful Byzantine mosaics. Nearby, too, is the Mount of the Beatitudes, scene of the Sermon on the Mount, where there is a modern church and an Italian hospice run by nuns and offering lodgings.

Farther north is Safad, an important centre of Jewish mysticism and a favourite place for painters and sculptors. There are several famous old synagogues, also the ruins of a Crusader castle. Hazor, an outstanding historical site, lies north of Safad and close to a modern road running near Lake Hula which plays an important part in irrigation and water supply. The road ends at Metulla, close to the " safe " Lebanese frontier; it is a popular summer resort, and the air there is excellent.

For further information apply to the Israel Government Tourist Office, 59, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

BY SEA, RAIL AND AIR—MORE TRAVEL FACILITIES

It is good news that the Canadian Pacific are back in the cruise business. Two cruises are planned at present. The first is from Liverpool on January 13, 1962. The *Empress of England* will call at Madeira, Tenerife, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Tangier and Lisbon, returning to Liverpool on January 24. Fares range from £85 to £280 in a veranda suite. Another cruise which follows very much the same route is by the S.S. *Maasdam*, of the Holland America Line, which leaves Southampton on December 29, 1961, calling at Madeira, Las Palmas, Tenerife, and Lisbon, returning to Southampton on January 11, 1962. This is a very pleasant ship of 15,024 gross tons, with rates for the cruise running from £75 to £180. There is to be a splendid programme of ship-board entertainments as well as shore excursions.

The cruises of the S.S. *Romantica* among the Greek islands have proved so popular that an additional departure from Venice has been arranged for October 15, 1961.

A " Midland Pullman " service will operate between London (St. Pancras) and Leicester, Loughborough and Nottingham every weekday except Saturdays from October 2. This will be a de luxe train leaving St. Pancras at 11.20 a.m. and arriving at Leicester at 12.47 p.m., continuing to Loughborough and Nottingham, where it will arrive at 1.20 p.m. All seats will be reserved, and first-class fares will have to be paid as well as the Pullman supplement. Between London and Leicester this will amount to 42s. 6d. for a single journey, in all, or from London to Nottingham, to 53s. for the single fare.

B.O.A.C. services are extending further and further afield. During October a Comet will leave twice a week for Manila en route between London and Tokyo. Other stops will be Frankfurt or Zurich, Rome, Cairo or Beirut, Karachi, Calcutta and Singapore.

Big game usually means Africa, but reassuring news about the survival of the Indian rhinoceros has drawn attention to the Kaziranga Game Reserve in Assam, where a herd of some 350 are on the increase. It is possible to visit this reserve and see not only rhino, but tiger, pig and elephant. There is an hotel-cum-resthouse at Kaziranga from which you can visit the reserve on elephants. You fly from Calcutta to Gauhat—the return fare is about £12—and take a taxi to the Game Reserve, 120 miles away. Alternatively, you can fly to Jorhat, which is only 45 miles from Kaziranga. There you will be right among the tea plantations, and you can stay at the Tocklai Experimental Station Guest House, Cinnemara P.O.

W.D.C.C.

In the dining-room on Tower Hill a model of the famous old warship, H.M.S. *Foudroyant*, stands in front of the portrait of Albert Prince Consort by Boxall

An old stone carving of the Arms of the Corporation of Trinity House

LONDON DINING-ROOMS

TRINITY HOUSE

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

The Corporation of Trinity House is the general lighthouse authority and the principal pilotage authority for England and Wales. It is also responsible for the administration of certain charitable funds for the benefit of mariners. The Royal Charter of the Corporation, granted in 1514 by Henry VIII, provides for a Master (at present the Duke of Gloucester), a Deputy Master (today Captain G. E. Barnard), and a limited number of Elder Brethren. Some are Active—that is to say they are engaged in the overall control of Trinity House's duties. Others are Honorary. These latter are men who have distinguished themselves in public life. Among them are Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Attlee and Admiral Lord Mountbatten. There are also a number of Younger Brethren, which are honorary posts. The history of Trinity House began long before 1514. After occupying various headquarters near the riverside, a building for the Corporation was erected on Tower Hill by Samuel Wyatt at the end of the eighteenth century. This Trinity House was almost entirely gutted by bombs during the last war. However, in the post-war years a most skilful restoration was carried out by Sir Albert Richardson. The dining-room is evidence of this. Round the windows the curtains have been rehung and draped on poles in the style of the late 18th century. Fortunately, the pictures were removed before the bombing and on the walls are portraits of three Masters of the nineteenth century—Wellington, Palmerston and the Prince Consort. The lamp hanging from the ceiling was specially designed by Sir Albert Richardson. The Active Brethren regularly take their luncheon in this room.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Looking back on the last ten or fifteen years it is interesting to see how many new types of sailing dinghies have been designed during that period. It is also interesting to contemplate how many of them have succeeded and how many have failed to catch on and never gained any popularity. At a rough guess, it is only about half the number which prospered, including a few which had meteoric rises to numbers never before attained.

The obvious reasons for success or failure must be the inherent qualities of the various designs, and one would like to think that it is the best designs which have survived and have gone from strength to strength. But it is no good denying that other factors also play a part. Many new designs of the post-war period have succeeded not because the boat was a better sailer, but because it was so designed as to make construction with the new marine ply materials simple for amateur builders.

Another important factor has been sponsorship, and the effect of this must certainly not be underestimated. One only has to look around among the most prosperous dinghy classes to find that nearly all of them had the benefit of powerful sponsors. These were mainly yachting periodicals, and in a few cases, newspapers. Whatever the reasons, the result is a very large number of dinghies being sailed and raced today. Another result is the staggering number of different classes that have developed. There is no other country in the world to equal Great Britain in this respect.

Many of us wonder if this great diversity of classes is not too much of a good thing. "Not *another* new dinghy again? . . ." I feel sure this will be a frequent first reaction to the news that *The Sunday Times* have decided to sponsor a new dinghy design. In view of the far too long list of existing classes, one cannot help but admire this newspaper for its courage. The question is whether the new design has anything to offer that is not already available. *The Sunday Times* maintain that it has and that their new dinghy, the 12 ft. 3 ins. SigneT, designed for them by Ian Proctor, fills a definite need. The designer's experience and list of successes in the National 12-ft. and Merlin-Rocket restricted classes ensure that the new boat will be a good performer. There is no question about that. We are also told that because of its "basic," box-like hull shape, this boat will be easier to build by amateurs than anything in existence. For the same reason it can be built at a lower cost.

I have always been most impressed by the ubiquity of the very simple shaped, sharpie-like Vaurien in France—where, by the way, many fewer classes are sailed—and the appearance of the SigneT is similar in its simplicity, if not in its actual lines. It has a flat bottom, and the angle between the bottom and the topsides is the same all the way along the hull. The side decks include the buoyancy tanks and another watertight compartment lies forward of the mast. Construction should be easy and built-in buoyancy should make the boat safe for beginners, especially as the sail area is only 88 sq. ft.

Plans for building the new boat will be available shortly, together with full instructions and, later, prefabricated kits will be offered. I gather that the estimated cost of building the boat professionally is about £130. This might give some idea of how inexpensive it can be if all the labour is free, when built by the keen amateur. One cannot make very fair comparisons, but on the face of it, the new boat has similar dimensions, and possibly similar performance to those of the already existing Fleetwind and Graduate classes.

Left to right: *Crackle* (R. F. Kirkby, Royal Corinthian Y.C.), *Nymphea* (Jean-Claude Cornue, Sport Nautique de L'Ouest), and *Foam* (John Wooderson, Medway Y.C.), the British champion, seen competing during the International 5-0-5 Dinghy Class World Championships off Weymouth Dorset. M. Cornue was the overall winner

Ian Wallis at the helm of *Impala* (K66), competing with John Biddle at the helm of *Shrike* (K55) in the International Canoe Federation's World Canoe Sailing Championships at the Hayling Island Sailing Club. *Shrike II* (A. Emus) won the championship in 2 hrs. 15 mins. 53 secs. on the Olympic-type course outside Chichester harbour

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

WEST LINKS

New Club, North Berwick

A view of the 1st green with Craigleith, a local landmark, in the background

Set close by the Forth Estuary, this course offers to players a scenic view of the Bass Rock, and the Islets of the Lamb, Craigleith and Fidra. The conical hill of Berwick Law dominates on the landward side, behind the town of North Berwick, 22½ miles from Edinburgh. Many of the greens on the 6,300-yard-long course border the beach. It contains such famous holes as " Perfection " (the 14th) and " Redan " (the 15th). These two have been copied in various parts of the world, especially on links in the United States. In the past the club has produced such players as Ben Sayers, E. J. Laidlay and Robert Maxwell. For the last twenty-five years it has sponsored annually with great success the Scottish Boys' Championship.

(This concludes the series on Golf Clubs for this year, but news of tournaments will be reported in future issues.)

Mrs. and Miss Macgregor on the course

Mr. D. B. Millard drives from the second tee. Mr. T. R. Macgregor, Sir David Home (club captain) and Mr. R. L. Balfour-Melville (club secretary) stand watching

Mr. Martin Wyld drives from the second tee, watched by Mr. William Fernie, Miss Hely-Hutchinson and Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson

Left: Mr. W. S. Miller and Mr. J. B. Anderstrem.
Right: W. Punton (starter) and Mr. P. Home

Mr. T. R. Macgregor on the 18th green outside the clubhouse. Mr. J. D. Tweedie looks on

CRICKET—1961

By Neville Cardus

Ingleby-Mackenzie in action. He led Hampshire to win their first Championship

I do not agree with the opinion that because England's chosen cricketers have lost the rubber and presented again the " Ashes " to Australia, the season of 1961 must, from our point of view, be written down as a disappointment. On the contrary, many of us will remember the mercifully (on the whole) dry summer of 1961 with delight, our sense of humour vastly tickled by Hampshire's treatment of Yorkshire, and by Dr. Richie Benaud's diagnosis over our cricket's weakness of heart and the cure he has recommended for his patient.

If England had won the rubber the ills which for many years have been wearing down the game's system in this country might well have developed before much longer into a grave if not fatal condition. The main symptoms of this wasting disease are a general dependence of our bowlers on a new ball, and a certain paralysis of footwork among most of our batsmen.

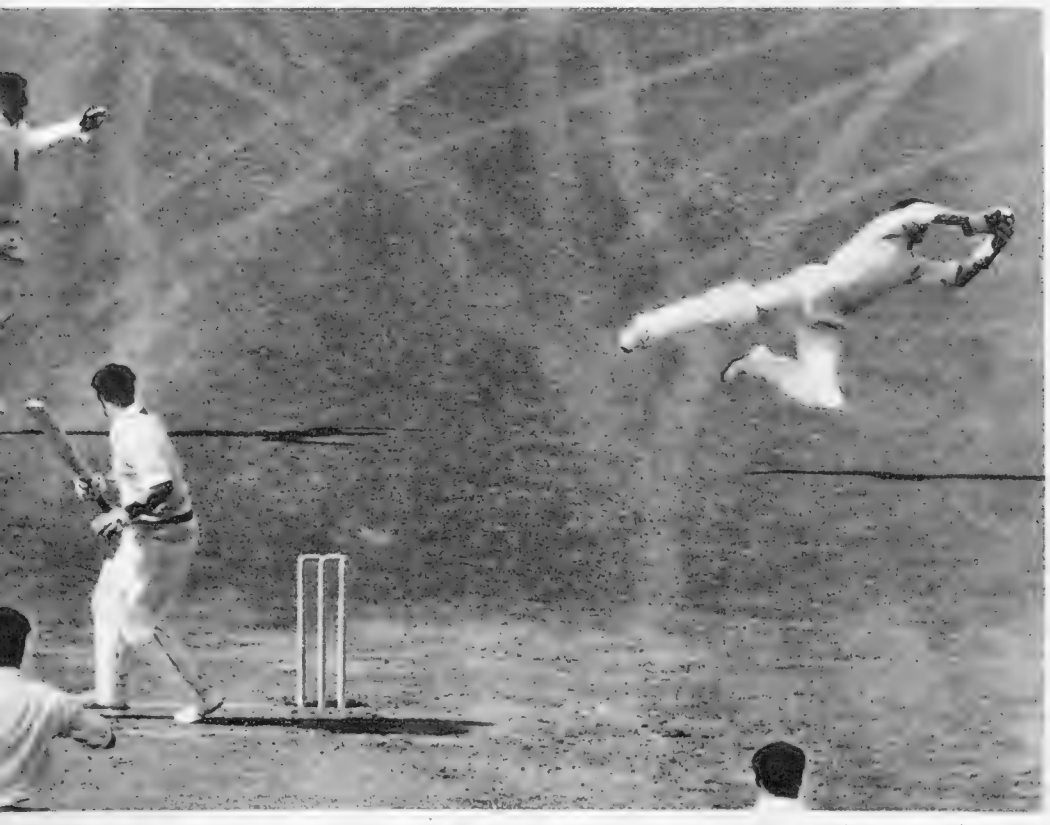
Let us consider the defeats of England at Lord's and Old Trafford. At Lord's, the game was played on a pitch " made for " quick seam bowlers, but neither Statham nor Trueman were able to make effective use of it. In the fresh of the third morning, Australia's No. 11 batsman comfortably played England's fast bowling and stayed in for an hour in a stand which in the end was revealed as having crucially turned the match Australia's way. And at Old Trafford, when Australia's ninth wicket fell in their second innings, the cup of victory was at England's lips, Australia a mere 150 runs ahead and nearly six hours to go. Once again Australia's last wicket turned the tide by scoring 98, not by canny defence, but in one of the most heroical, aggressive innings, by Davidson, in all the history of Test cricket.

But why, at Lord's and Old Trafford, could not one of our fast bowlers send the stumps flying of an Australian batsman sent in last? Was it because English fast bowlers, once the ball's seam and " shine " are gone, are incapable of the pace that kills all but the accomplished batsman? Can't our contemporary fast bowlers bring the " old " ball back by body action as Larwood did? Few No. 11 batsmen survived Larwood's assaults, new ball or old. He didn't believe in rubbing his thigh, to " keep the shine on." " Ah'd rather rub batsman's," he said.

England this summer could not outplay a weak Australian bowling side. For half of the season, Benaud, Australia's only spinner, was more or less out of action because of physical injury. For the second half of the season, Australia's only other top-class bowler, Davidson, also suffered much from physical strain. Gaunt, perhaps the best of Australia's reserves of bowling, likewise was for long handicapped by muscular strain. Then why could England not win? Why, when fortune came to England twice in a few hours at Old Trafford, did our cricketers throw away the match? It is rash to be dogmatic. A missed catch, a ball spinning from a dusty place on the pitch, has been known to bring down the better team. On the whole, though, I believe that Australia came through triumphantly chiefly because Benaud and his men persistently aimed at victory, *willed* victory, and scouted the idea of defeat overwhelming them.

At Old Trafford, when Dexter was batting full steam ahead, with England wanting now only 102 with nine wickets to go—102 at the comfortable rate of a run a minute—Benaud was virtually the only Australian bowler with a shot left in his locker. For hours he swung his arm in vain. Davidson, Simpson, Mackay, Misson—all were tamed technically. Yet Benaud did not fall back on the defensive and set a run-saving field, or waste time sending down overs and changing positions in the field. No, the closer England came to victory the quicker Australia got through the overs—far different from the tactics put into force at Leeds by England in 1953, when in the game's closing hour Australia looked very much like winning. On the crucial closing afternoon in the Old Trafford Test, as Dexter cut and drove and generally carved the Australian attack to shreds, Benaud murmured to himself: " We can't save this match, but we *could* win it." There was the spirit! There was a cricket captain after every cricketers' hearts' desire. Benaud played the game, bowled his fingers sore, attacked all the time. And because he kept the faith, fortune gave him the crown.

Aubrey Faulkner, the South African, and one of the greatest of all-round players of any time, once said to me: " The difference between English and Australian cricketers, taking them by and large, is this—in Test matches the English play a shade below their ordinary match-form, while the Australians rise above it." Young Lawry, " green " to Tests, was not dismayed by Lord's and a first appearance there for Australia *v.* England. Yet, much as we discuss the 1961 Tests in terms of character, will-power and what-not, the fact remains, as clearly to be seen now as



Murray, the England wicket-keeper, leaps to take a ball in the Fifth Test. O'Neill is at the wicket and Barrington in left background. **Right:** Dexter clean bowls Benaud at Old Trafford

Davidson hits a six in the Fourth Test

"A potential England cricketer of tomorrow"—P. Parfitt

Statham is bowled at the end of the Fourth Test and the Australians show their joy at retaining the Ashes

two months ago, that England allowed a team much inferior in collective varied bowling technique to win. On good wickets and unaided by groundsmen, I 'd never expect this Australian XI of 1961 to be put out under 400. Surely, though, batsmen of the class of Cowdrey, May, Pullar, Subba Row, Dexter, Barrington, not to mention Murray and Allen, should at least have negotiated *with ease*, a drawn rubber. It has all been very mysterious. I give it up.

But, as I say, the Australians have probably done English cricket a good turn by turning the spotlight on pretty deep-rooted ailments which are at work at the core of our county cricket. Routine seam bowling! One week in the sadly-departed summer, I watched county matches six successive days, and saw only a few overs bowled by a spinner. Allen is our only off-spinner approaching Test levels. And he is but a poor man's Laker. Leg-spin is positively not encouraged at all in our counties. As I write this article, Illingworth of Yorkshire tops the English bowling averages (but Illingworth was dropped from the English XI!). Next in the list follow Boshier, Savage, Flavell, Coldwell and Spencer—seamers of less than high-class. Shades of Tate, Alec Bedser, and of J. W. H. T. Douglas! Alec Kennedy, Nichols of Essex, Louden of Essex, Barratt of Nottinghamshire, none of whom was ever invited to play for England, were superb bowlers with a new ball, far superior to the Boshiers and Coldwells, poised today at or near the summit of English bowling averages.

There is obviously something wrong with our cricket, even more seriously wrong than so far this article has considered, when we are reminded that in the forefront (statistically) of England's batsmen of 1961 were, Bill Alley, an Australian aged forty-two, Bernard Constable, aged forty, Donald Smith, aged thirty-eight. Each of these cricketers, as I write these lines, stands near the head of the all-England batting averages. Once on a time, not so very long ago, these high positions were the prerogative of such as Sir Jack Hobbs, Hammond, Woolley, Sutcliffe, Duleepsinhji, Leyland, Hendren. Great batsmanship is the product of resourceful varied bowling of all sorts—pace, spin and flight. English cricket will revive when pitches are made which are fast and true, but uncovered in rainy weather. In these conditions the master players of only yesterday were nurtured. And as a reform immediately to begin with, I should allow bowlers only one ball in an innings. Tom Richardson for Surrey, half of them on Sam Apted's flawless Oval turf, took 1,000 wickets in four consecutive summers, bowling with an old ball most of the time. He knew how to " bring her back " by action-break.

Yet, for all the present discontents, memories of cricket in 1961 will remain happily with us for years. The triumphant year, for them the greatest ever, of Hampshire. And the joke is that Hampshire's wonderful summer was achieved mainly by the seam bowling I have just been despising. Shackleton (superb and steady in long service), Heath, White, each short of a length all day. Many people have complained that the Hampshire bowling was boring to watch. Maybe it sometimes was—but, like Mercutio's wound—it served ! There was always the brilliant Marshall, most brilliant stroke-player of our time, capable of " murdering " the best attack in half an hour. And, bubbling fount of inspiration, was Ingleby-Mackenzie. Every lover of the game, surely, has made his salute by now to Hampshire, the cradle of cricket, let it be remembered.

Personally, I could have wished the honours of the county championship to have come the way of Middlesex. Under Bedford's lead, Middlesex played skilfully and attractively. At least three members of the team are potentially England cricketers of tomorrow—Gale, Russell and the valiant Peter Parfitt, who promises to develop into a sort of left-handed Compton. There is Fred Titmus, too, for seasons a highly-skilful all-rounder, charged with grit. His neglect by selection committees, for representative engagements, has been consistently scandalous. How warmly the welcome would be for Titmus to the ranks of Australia, had he possessed the right birth-certificate.

The up-and-down form of Yorkshire during crucial periods of the summer no doubt caused much heartburn in places such as Laisterdyke and Huddersfield. With cricketers at hand such as Padgett, Close, Taylor, Bolus, Stott, Trueman, Illingworth and Binks (a magnificent wicket-keeper) and the new and valuable recruit, Gillhouley, not to mention Vic Wilson, the skipper, Yorkshire clearly were 1961's rightful champion county. But frequently the old traditional Yorkshire tenacity was missing. The opening batsmen too many times wavered in concentration. One of these batsmen, in first, drove brilliantly to the off-boundary, from the match's first over. " Beautiful stroke," I said to an ex-Yorkshire cricket captain, watching with me. " Aye," he said, " but 'e 's unsteady—and we can't win championship carryin' a ruddy art gallery round country with us."

Naturally, at the fall of the curtain on the season, there is a call for " G. O. Allen," for seven years chairman of the M.C.C. selectors. He has served the game well. He is bound, even in retirement, to share our general worries about cricket's future, especially about the constitution of the England team which, this time next year, will be on the way to another struggle against Australia—in Australia. Where are the young fast bowlers fit to take the places of Statham and Trueman, or to reinforce the attack of Statham and Trueman? Larter of Northamptonshire? White of Hampshire? Where are the spinners?

These worries are likely to be shared twelve months hence by Australia. Where are Australia's young bowlers of tomorrow? But in Australia, on flawless turf, it sometimes happens that Test matches can be won by strong batsmanship and secure swift fielding; and here, in these departments, Australia already looks likely to hold an advantage. We haven't yet seen the best of O'Neill. He has learned much from his first experiences on English pitches. Burge and Booth are, I fancy, two prolific scorers against England before we, and they, are much older. Then there is that extraordinary young man Lawry, destined surely to become Australia's Herbert Sutcliffe. And Australia's greatest batsmen today, Neil Harvey, is still young enough to have in his cricket-bag a few more centuries.

All in all, despite disappointents in 1961, despite much mediocrity and absence of the personal touch, cricket remains a game of continuous fascinations. The more it changes, the more it remains the same thing—uncertain as an April day, as refreshing, and as much to be loved.

BOOKS

QUEEN VICTORIA'S UNCLE

Leopold I of the Belgians; a lucid guide to Athens; jungles of various kinds

The story of King Leopold I of the Belgians is an extraordinary one, partly because of the amazing turns of fortune which altered his life without his own volition and partly because of his own strength of character which led him to equally fateful—and successful—decisions. He was also something of a cold fish. At least that is a comparatively fair assessment of a man who once said that " the heart plays a very useful part in political affairs " and who recovered well enough from the death of his wife, George IV's daughter, to dismiss his hopes of being Consort of the United Kingdom, reject the thrones of Mexico, Greece, Poland and Germany and accept the brand-new throne of Belgium. This country he ruled brilliantly for thirty-four years, becoming a power to reckon with throughout Europe, and, of course, the friend and adviser of his niece, Queen Victoria, until his death in 1865. MY DEAREST UNCLE (Jonathan Cape. 25s.), a title taken from the Queen's familiar letter openings, has been written with such freshness, as well as with the expected erudition, by Miss Joanna Richardson that the reader may well feel he is meeting this towering historical figure for the first time. Certainly, no study has ever presented Leopold in so vivid and human a manner.

The next two books of travel could scarcely be more contrasted to each other. Mr. Eric and Mrs. Barbara Whelpton have written GREECE AND THE ISLANDS (Robert Hale. 21s.), which is not only a very practical and lucid kind of beginner's guide but would, I think, be a delight for people who know the country as well as the authors to read after their latest visit. The Whelptons begin well and sensibly with advice on the best way to arrive in Athens; the best way, in other words, of capturing an unforgettable first impression. From that opening paragraph they continue in equally good form and one cannot but be grateful to them for this well-illustrated, soundly-constructed volume of really helpful travel notes. BRAZILIAN EDEN (Robert Hale. 18s.), by Miss Andrea Bayard, is an account of a very pretty girl's experiences living among the primitive Brazilian Indians in the Matto Grosso, with a film unit who chose this hazardous location with what seems to have been a good deal more courage than sense. Miss Bayard was the only woman with them and the first white woman most of the Indians had ever seen. It may be added that she had an almost alarming degree of success but survived to write this highly-adventurous story.

Mr. Richard Condon is a very good story-teller and that is a high compliment in an age in which other, less robust talents achieve success, both critical and material. His new novel, SOME ANGRY ANGEL (Michael Joseph. 21s.), not only examines one aspect of the American scene: that of newspaper columnists, but illuminates, satirises and to a great extent explains that specialised world in which men with the necessary flair may make reputations and fortunes. Mr. Condon's hero, who is in the tradition of rags-to-riches, starts his working life with clear-cut ideas and soon begins to create a meaningless world of his own in which he can rule but which, being without a solid base, must eventually collapse. *Some Angry Angel* is, in fact, a personal success story from promising beginning to dramatic end. It is wonderfully readable and endlessly quotable. It also has more than a touch of melodrama, which I seem to remember can be defined as characterised by sensational incident and violent appeals to the emotions. True enough, but nevertheless this is a book for the list.

President Kennedy's sister is with her husband, Peter Lawford, the actor (left), as they talk with Lord Lovat. The photograph was taken in Normandy where Mr. Lawford was portraying Lord Lovat, the wartime commando leader, in the film about D-Day, *The Longest Day*

THE GAME (Hutchinson. 18s.), by Mr. Hans Ruesch, is handily described by the publishers as " an unusual story of adultery in the steaming hinterland of Liberia." Having read Mr. Ruesch's novel I would find it difficult to be more concise than that, except for adding that he, too, writing of a different kind of jungle, is another admirable story-teller.

Experienced hostesses tell one that four or ten make the perfect number for a dinner party and, in her new novel, Miss Noel Streatfeild writes of a pleasant and friendly occasion on which a husband and wife give a particularly well-planned one for eight guests in their St. John's Wood home. Well-planned, that is, except that shortly afterwards and with no overt warning, one of the woman guests takes her own life. THE SILENT SPEAKER (Collins. 16s.) does more than remind one of what a competent novelist Miss Streatfeild is: it introduces new readers to a subtle analyst of motive and character and adds up to being a distinguished and original book.

AUSTRALIAN STORIES OF TODAY (Faber. 16s.) has been edited by Mr. Charles Osborne who, a young Australian writer and journalist himself, has chosen twenty-two stories from the work of his compatriots and contemporaries, which are not only typical

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SCIENCE AND EMOTION

Britain in the last war

On the outbreak of the 1914 War, sections of the British public, in an excess of patriotic fervour, stoned to death a number of dachshunds. No such discrimination against German dogs took place at the start of the 1939 war, although there was more talk of killing all mongrels, as it was " a good opportunity to purify the canine race." There were more profound differences between the two World Wars. Of these perhaps the most important was due to the advance of science and its impact on modern warfare. This factor is clearly brought out in THE NARROW MARGIN (Hutchinson. 35s.), by Derek Wood and Derek Dempster. The book is subtitled " The Battle of Britain and The Rise of Air Power 1930-1940." In this exhaustive and authoritative account of a turning point in the last war, part one deals with the pre-war aircraft industry and air force policy on both sides. It was at this period that the Service chiefs had to make the decisions of what sort of aircraft to build for the future. The authors estimate that the balance sheet of both British and Germans is favourable, the Germans gaining in quantity.

The second part of the book gives the reader a day-to-day account of the Battle of Britain. Besides the excitement of the fighting, the authors offer background material on the tactical decisions of both sides. Part of this is a vindication of Air Chief Marshal Sir K. R. Park, then commanding No. 11 Group, which bore the brunt of the fighting. He was involved in a high-level dispute over tactics from which he emerged the loser. This valuable book is complete with appendices containing a mass of relevant information.

To some extent complementary, but by no means written in the same serious manner, is E. S. Turner's THE PHONEY WAR *On the Home Front* (Michael Joseph. 21s.). This is nostalgia for an odd period in our social history, a collection of anecdotes, excursions down by-ways of behaviour, and reminders of the blackout, *Itma* and Lord Haw-Haw. Writing in a sometimes flippant manner, Mr. Turner, no doubt after much research, has produced an amusing and informative book about a period now overshadowed by memories of the Battle of Britain.

Our changing world is a common theme for authors and book reviewers alike. But our world has changed nowhere near so drastically as that of the Chinese. Mao Tse-tung's accession to supreme power marked a watershed in the Chinese way of life. CITY OF LINGERING SPLENDOUR (Hutchinson. 30s.) is an account by John Blofeld of his years as a young tutor in Pekin from 1934-37. Now he is a lecturer at Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, in Thailand. Looking back to his time in China, Mr. Blofeld describes the lacquered brilliance of the elaborate Pekin society, almostly completely unaffected by Western ideas. The scholars, professors, courtesans and sages are lovingly remembered.

MAO TSE-TUNG AND I WERE BEGGARS (Hutchinson. 30s.), by Siao-Yu, is noteworthy since it is one of the few first-hand accounts of the Chinese Communist leader. The author, director of the Sino-International Library in Montevideo, spent part of his schooldays with Mao Tse-tung, became a close friend, and went with him on a begging trip through central China. The friendship lasted from 1912 to 1921, the year when Mao attended the secret meeting organising the Chinese Communist Party. Siao-Yu's memories, vividly recalled, bring back to life the years of revolutionary ferment in China.

EXPLORING INNER SPACE (Gollancz. 21s.) is Jane Dunlop's account of her experiences under a powerful, vision-producing drug—LSD-25. It is claimed that about one-fourth of the people taking the drug have profound mystical experiences. Jane Dunlop is the pseudonym for an American scientist and author. Her experiences under the drug are extraordinary; her conclusions are, to say the least, controversial.

HAROLD THE KING (Robert Hale. 21s.) is a clearly written and readable biography of Harold, by Piers Compton. Although 1066 is the best remembered date in English history, the English protagonist is little more than a name to many people. The source material for the period is often confused or confusing. From it Mr. Compton has produced a straightforward narrative.

Jolyon Wimhurst

of the vigour and invention that this wonderful country produces but show the contributors as stylists in their own right. I especially recommend Geoff Dutton's *The Wedge-Tailed Eagle* and Ray Mathew's *A Cloud Like Ambergris*, but all of them are worth your while.

In the United States from December 1941 onwards for some months there was a slogan, much publicised, printed on lapel buttons and generally disseminated through what is known as the publicity *media*, which read *Remember Pearl Harbour*, in other words the tragic, and as it proved cataclysmic, day when the Japanese nippily prefaced any declaration of war by an all-out attack on the American base in the Hawaiian islands. THE FLEET IN THE WINDOW (Gibbs and Phillips. 18s.) is Mr. David Bergamini's story about a thirteen-year-old boy in the Philippine Islands who escaped and survived the Japanese invasion, was imprisoned in a Japanese prison camp and, with so few, lived. Simply, if lengthily, told and soberly instructive.

COURT OF CROWS (Gollancz. 18s.) escapes classification and, as my younger friends would say, good luck to it. This is Mr. Robert Knowlton's story of a murder in the Carolinas and, by the end of the tale, it has a plot with innumerable, spider web-thin ramifications and a whole drama of local life and involvement. Very well-written indeed and to be respected as a poignant human story in any terms.

M. René Sussan is another writer of positive merit. A Frenchman, born in Algiers, he served in the Army and later worked in the Toulouse region to learn about farming. When, afterwards, he left for Israel, he experienced the tough but vital life of a *kibbutz*, or pioneer settlement, and it is of that kind of life as it might have been in 1951, that M. Sussan writes in THIEVES' ROAD (Hutchinson. 16s.). This is an exciting book in terms of reality.

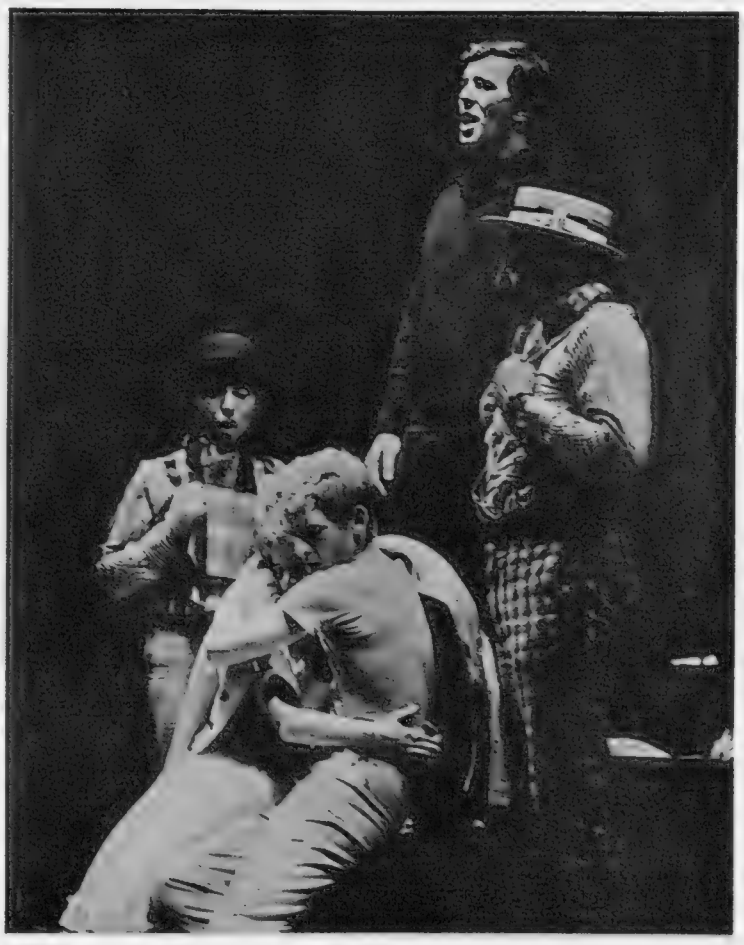
Junichiro Tanizaki is an old and distinguished Japanese writer, as we are told by his publishers. THE KEY (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is a novel written through the devices of alternate entries from the diaries of a middle-aged wife and her ageing husband. His problem, described at length and in tedious detail, is impotence. Hers is the reverse. Finally he has some kind of stroke and we are then told about his treatment. If this is a great subject for fiction, give me the Flopsy Bunnies every time.

THE COMING OF THE STRANGERS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is science fiction. In it Mr. John Lymington deals with an infiltration, rather than an attack, by menacing creatures which threaten a little seaside town, leaving no footprints on the sand (even at low tide) and in every way comporting themselves in an un-clubbable way. Mr. Lymington has got the hang of this kind of thing very well indeed and even the book's jacket, halfway between the sinister and the comic, seems to carry out his intentions.

VENDETTA IN SPAIN (Hutchinson. 18s.) is something else again. It is, in fact, Mr. Dennis Wheatley's new romantic thriller for which, I feel sure, thousands of satisfied customers are eagerly waiting. The setting is Madrid in 1906 when young King Alfonso's wedding day was tragically marred by a bomb outrage, and the action shifts from there to Barcelona and San Sebastian, always in high gear and unfailingly colourful. The author has intended the book as a kind of sequel in reverse; a story to precede, in time, such books as *The Golden Spaniard*, which feature a beautiful young woman, the result of the union described in the pages of the new book. This seems a good idea, on reflection, and may set a powerful trend so that we come to know all about Rip Kirby's parents, when the Saint first saw the light of day and how the Toff's father and mother first met.

Vernon Fane

Luisa (Stephanie Voss) is surrounded by dancing characters. She is the only female in the play



The lovers with their fathers. The narrator stands in the background

THE FANTASTICKS

at the Apollo

This musical play, suggested by *Les Romanesques* of Edmond Rostand, tells a story of two neighbours determined to unite their estates. To achieve this they pretend to be waging a family feud, so that their children can believe themselves to be having a Romeo and Juliet affair. A brigand is eventually hired to abduct the girl so that the youth can become a hero through rescuing her. The show, which has a book and lyrics written by Tom Jones with music by Harvey Schmidt, is a departure from the brash, streamlined school of American musicals. The players number only eight, backed by a harp, two pianos and percussion, and the producer, Word Baker, has emphasised the simple charm of the piece. The cast is Stephanie Voss and Patrick Gilmore as the young lovers, Timothy Bateson and Michael Barrington as the scheming fathers, Terence Cooper as the narrator, John Wood and John Cater and Melvyn Hayes.

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

John King

Mr. King became Managing Director of the Pollard Ball and Roller Bearing Group in 1949, and is now the Company's Chairman. In the twelve years the Company has been built up from a small concern to a large one with a high reputation in the manufacture of ball and roller bearings. It has subsidiary companies in France and Canada, and exports to almost every country in the world. A large extension to the Ferrybridge Works was opened this summer. The Company has another works in Northampton and the Whitehouse Industries "Philidas" Plant is at Pontefract, in Yorkshire. John King was born forty-two years ago and for most of his life has been connected with the engineering industry. He is a member of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners and a Freeman of the City of London. For nine years Mr. King was Master of the Badsworth Hunt in Yorkshire, and is now Joint Master of the Belvoir Hunt in Leicestershire. He owns Mr. Pollard, the show-jumper formerly ridden for him by Miss Pat Smythe and now ridden by Mr. Ted Williams. He is a landowner, and farms extensively in Leicestershire. Mr. King is married and lives at Friar's Well, in Leicestershire and also at Ackworth Hall, in Yorkshire. His other hobby besides hunting is shooting

RAILWAYS AND REAL ESTATE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Railway Sites Limited, a new company that the Transport Commission formed at the end of last month, in one sense represents another of the changes that Dr. Richard Beeching is bringing about in our railway system to make it more businesslike. Looked at in another, less charitable way, it might be regarded as the railways' belated awakening to the opportunities it had in Britain's property boom; an awakening that may unfortunately have come too late.

This is not entirely the railways' fault. They began awakening to the financial possibilities of developing the extremely well-placed sites that they own in every British city and town some years ago, when the office-building boom was only getting under way. But they were told that owing to a quirk of phrasing in the original Nationalisation Act, they were debarred from developing their own properties as anything but railway stations and buildings. In the White Paper issued at the beginning of this year, when the Government announced plans to reorganise the public transport system, it was promised that this probably accidental legal disability would be removed in the legislation that will be necessary to set up Dr. Beeching's new railways board. Dr. Beeching has not waited for that; he has set up the new company, headed by Major-General G. N. Russell, who was already on the Commission, assisted by Mr. Roy Matthews, chairman of Crosse and Blackwell (Holdings) Ltd. He is a surveyor by profession and has been called in as the fourth of Dr. Beeching's full-time businessmen. Without awaiting the legislation, the company is to begin developing railway sites in several cities, working in partnership with private property companies; until the law is changed it will be able to act only as a minority partner, but this need not preclude useful bargains to realise the site values locked up in stations and sidings all round the country.

The " July measures " imposed by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were designed, among other things, to take the steam out of this commercial property boom; some property developers have argued that the peak of it was past already, in any case. The Chancellor counselled the banks to limit their advances to the less essential sectors of investment, among which it is customary (though not necessarily logical) to rank offices and commercial buildings. Moreover, the authorities have since specifically asked the insurance companies, which had recently been very active in financing this kind of building, to reduce their support of speculative building. Since the measures were announced, those property financiers who had already obtained " firm financing " for their projected developments have been at pains to let their shareholders know; some of the others have been strapped for money, and have been forced either to seek finance from different sources—and more expensively—or to trim back their plans.

Britain's boom in commercial building began perhaps five years ago. Building activity of this kind has been rising at a fairly regular rate since about 1954, and has largely escaped the effects of successive

An architect's drawing of a multi-storey office block which is being built over Leeds City Station by Myton Ltd. The architect is Mr. J. G. L. Poulson, and the consulting civil engineers are Phillips Structures Ltd. The developers are S. T. W. Developments Ltd., a new company formed jointly by the Taylor Woodrow Group and the Standard Life Assurance Co. The block should be completed towards the end of 1962. The total floor area will be 120,000 sq. ft., to be let in floors or large units

An artist's impression of the new six-storey St. Mary Axe House which is to be erected by Wates Ltd., on behalf of Yorkwin Investments Ltd., a member of the Chamberlain Group of Companies. The architects are Kenneth Lindy, Joseph Hill and Partners. It is on a site in the City of London near the main line terminals of Liverpool Street and Fenchurch Street. The building will provide a nett lettable area of about 54,800 sq. ft., and a basement car park. It will be of reinforced concrete frame construction, and faced with natural Portland stone. It is scheduled to be completed in August 1962

Chancellors' " stop-and-go " policies: much more so, at any rate, than investment in buildings, plant and machinery for industry. At that time there were large arrears in building in all our cities, sharply picked out in many by bomb sites like gaps in the teeth. There are still big arrears in the shape of obsolescent buildings throughout the cities, but in many the bomb sites have by now largely been filled in. Building licensing—which was a wartime measure that the Socialists retained after the war, but is one of those controls that even Tory Chancellors on occasion probably wish they could use now and then—had kept the building of offices down to a very few in the immediate post-war years. When controls were finally removed it took a few years for office-building to gain momentum: but we have since had several years of boom in London and, more recently, in the larger provincial cities.

This physical development of sites was often accompanied by a financial realisation of assets hidden in old-established properties—sometimes by the owners themselves, but for a time primarily by take-over bidders experienced in the property market who were quick to buy up whole businesses simply with a view to take out the value of the sites they happened to be using. There are various methods of realising this " hidden value." For example, development of a new building on the site, sale of it to some financial institution such as an insurance company, and then leasing back the property, gives the insurance company an investment yielding a good return, and allows the developer to take out the difference between the new value of the site and what he paid for it, as a capital gain on which no income tax is payable.

Office blocks are the pieces of property development that most strike the eye about the cities nowadays. They often strike sensitive eyes such as Mr. Betjeman's rather painfully (" rent-collecting slabs . . . with parcels on the top where they 've forgotten to put in the lift machinery "). In the last two or three years there has been something of a shift, even in the centre of the cities, towards the building of hotels and of blocks of flats for sale or lease at extremely high rentals, rather than offices.

One or two of the large blocks of offices that happened to be built in parts of London slipping out of fashion with business, spent a number of months empty before finally getting tenants. Nor have many companies yet accepted the argument that they should shift all but essential headquarters staffs out of the expensive central areas. In the United States a similar " decentralisation to the suburbs " has been checked by, among other things, a reluctance on the part of secretaries to move away from the fashionable downtown shops, " too far from Fifth Avenue." The same thing could happen in London, where a trend of recent years has been the move of offices into St. James's and Mayfair: one already has to pay secretaries rather more to work in the less glamorous purlieus of the City, and it might be quite difficult to get all the young women one needed to work, say, in Chiswick,

(*Continued overleaf*)

New blocks on Route 11 in the City of London. Left to right: Austral House, Lee House (with scaffolding), St. Alphege House and Moor House

RAILWAYS AND REAL ESTATE

(*Continued from previous page*)

Bayswater and Clerkenwell. Some very substantial office blocks have been developed a little way out on the main approach roads to London, such as " Route 11." But it may take some years to judge the success of this radial and peripheral commercial development.

Transport into the cities has an obvious influence upon the pattern of favoured areas for property development. Railways count in the property business anyway quite apart from their own recent decision to enter it financially. Office development has always been in existence around the eastern termini that enter the City. Victoria is another cluster of offices, and more recently some very large offices have been built around Marylebone and Paddington. Whether or not British Railways could redevelop some of their big stations, such as King's Cross, as terminals combined with offices or even residential buildings, the extent to which B.R. serves the commuter partly decides the future of commercial development of such areas.

London Transport's " Victoria Line," which has been on the drawing-board for so many years, is a pretty dubious economic proposition in itself, but it might make a significant difference to the future economics of business firms—shops as well as offices—that would be served by it. Site values in the centre of a large city, as many American cities experiencing " the decay of downtown " have come to realise, depend largely upon opportunities of access. All major commercial buildings put up now have to provide car-parking space (though the proportions of cars per 100 commuting workers that different cities lay down differ considerably). But even with the volume of traffic for which roads are now being developed—the 1959 volume plus 100 per cent—the spread of car ownership and car commuting is likely to gum up traffic in our city centres even worse in ten years' time. It may be that property owners in central areas, in defence of the value of the buildings they are putting up now, may be offering new support to the development of public transport.

The new Stag Brewery building is being built near Victoria station

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SHIPPING HORIZONS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

"Provided world prosperity remains high and, in particular, a U.S. industrial revival gathers pace, prospects for Britain's shipping industry look brighter farther ahead than for some time past." This view, recently circulated by a group of authoritative City investment advisers, highlights the steady recovery in shipping freight rates that has taken place since the 1956-59 setback.

Freight rates reached their low point in the spring of 1959, but the gentle recovery since then understates the real improvement in the shipping industry's position. There has been a sweeping reduction in the dry-cargo tonnage laid up for lack of business. In June last year, just over 3,000,000 tons of shipping was awaiting employment in this way. Now, the figure is down to about 800,000 tons. Oil tanker operators face rather greater problems, and tankers are still being used to carry grain across the Atlantic.

For tramp shipping as a whole, however, the position is now much stronger than a year ago, with shipowners poised to benefit from a recovery in demand. When will this recovery appear? The most important pointer will be expansion in world trade as a whole. This will depend mainly on larger shipments between Europe and the United States, and between the commodity producing countries on the one hand and North America and Western Europe on the other. On top of this, the Communist bloc countries, including China, have been in the market for shipping tonnage.

Investors' best course at present is probably to avoid the oil tanker groups, and confine their attention to the large liner and tramp shipping concerns. These tend to cover different parts of the world, but their wide spread of interests should help to smooth out profit fluctuations. The larger shipping groups are also better placed to face the longer term problems—such as flag discrimination and competition from subsidised airlines—which confront the industry.

The largest and one of the best-known groups is P. & O./Orient Lines, owning about 350 ships of more than 2,250,000 gross tons. P. & O. has a large stake in Far Eastern trade and in recent years has been moving into oil tanker ownership. The growing number of tankers in operation, together with the recent introduction of large new passenger vessels, should buttress profits in the current year. Earnings in 1961-62 will also gain from the 10 per cent. increase in freight rates, which has been agreed by the Far East conference lines to take effect this month.

Ranking next in size after P. & O. is British and Commonwealth. This is the merger company of Union Castle and Clan Line, which was formed in 1956 and in which the Cayzer family interests have a large stake. British and Commonwealth trades mainly with South Africa, and the effect of political uncertainties on trade now overhangs the group. Against this, British and Commonwealth has an established record for efficient management, while the recent fall in the share price has helped to discount the political risk. British and Commonwealth operates a fleet of about 100 vessels, aggregating nearly 1,000,000 tons.

For investors who prefer a spread of interests, the Furness Withy group holds out useful possibilities. Furness operates a fleet of some 750,000 tons, trading mainly with the Western Hemisphere, but the group's particular appeal lies in its large investments, mainly in shipping and insurance. Furness Withy recently disclosed that it owns between 30 and 50 per cent. of several companies, notably Royal Mail Lines, Manchester Liners and Economic Insurance. These holdings, which represent a large part of Furness Withy's stock market price, clearly help to give stability to total profits.

Of the other well-known shipping companies, Cunard Steam-Ship must rank as a "special situation." Though Cunard operates a large tramp shipping fleet, its recent profit record has been dominated by competition on the North Atlantic passenger trade and the growing popularity of air travel. At present, Cunard is considering tenders for a new "Queen" which is to be built with Government help.

Details of these tenders are expected in a few weeks' time, though Sir John Brocklebank, Chairman of Cunard, has stated that any tender of over £30,000,000 would be uneconomic. Clearly investors should await the Cunard directors' decision, which is due to be put to a shareholders' meeting in October.

The basic attraction of shipping shares remains the above-average yields, with leading equities now offering 5 to 8 per cent. Clearly, therefore, these shares will appeal primarily to investors concerned with income. Long-term attractions for investors are that shipping provides a basic service which must expand as world trade grows. Secondly, almost all shipping shares are selling well below their revealed asset values and an economic employment of shipping assets must be reflected in correspondingly improved earnings. In general, Britain's shipping industry will gain from a free market, simply because the fleet is highly developed and efficient. Correspondingly, Britain's shipping lines would lose from any contraction in world trade, especially if this were accompanied by controls, quotas and a move away from free market economics. Investors to whom yields matter and who believe in the success of the free market system could do well by buying shipping equities at their current levels.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Trust Houses is the biggest hotel group in the country with well over 200 establishments. The most amazing thing to me is the immense variety of its houses, in size from the small wayside inn, with perhaps half a dozen bedrooms, to the largest international hotels in the luxury class like Brown's Hotel in London or the Shelbourne in Dublin. They embrace a number of first-class provincial and seaside hotels as well. This unique company began sixty years ago with the Waggon and Horses at Ridge Hill, in Hertfordshire, with a bar, a tea-garden and three bedrooms. It seems fitting that its new venture, a modern hotel in London, is named after the county in which this success story began.

The Hertford Hotel is not intended for competition in the highest luxury class. This, in my view, shows wisdom and foresight, for it is that category which seems to have attracted most development recently completed or in progress of construction. The Hertford fills a different but even greater need for a very desirable higher middle quality, where at reasonable prices clients can enjoy all modern hotel facilities. Most of the comfortable rooms (each with private bath, telephone, radio, television, etc.) overlook the vast expanse of Kensington Gardens.

All this is offered at very reasonable prices; that is, reasonable in comparison with other comparable values. There is no doubt that the

The dining-room of the Hertford Hotel in Bayswater Road, London

difficulty is likely to be to get a room at the Hertford, especially in the busiest times of the year. The full accommodation of about eighty rooms was taken up on the day I called, soon after the opening.

During my visit I was given an opportunity of seeing every department, including the kitchens, and of sampling the food in the charming dining-room. Everywhere I found the standards to be excellent. The layout and atmosphere of the dining-room is just what I personally like, plenty of light from the huge windows overlooking the Park, and plenty of space around you.

All the food is *à la carte*. This is in order to ensure every dish being freshly cooked. The menu is not too complicated, but offers plenty of variety at very favourable prices. Mr. Luigi Giorchino is the chef. He was originally trained at the Savoy and has a wide experience in clubs, airlines and shipping lines. He comes to the Hertford fresh from Frenchman's Cove, Jamaica. In addition to the regular printed items, two or three of his own specialities are added to the menu each day. I am thoroughly satisfied that he will not be wasting his skill, for the kitchens are equipped with the best possible equipment to ensure that guests will never be confronted with imperfect food. No sodden vegetables, no over-cooked joints, or slimy salads will ever be put before them. Nor will Mr. Giorchino have to stint himself in his use of butter, cream or wine for his cooking.

But the quality is not all. Service is extended to much longer than is usual in most similar establishments. This means that meals can be served at all hours between 7 a.m. and midnight, and I am assured that even outside those hours the guests will not have to starve. An abbreviated menu is also available from which meals can be ordered for service in rooms, and it is expected that most clients will have breakfast in their rooms.

At first sight I thought the wine list looked rather sketchy, but on looking at it in more detail, I found that although extremely brief it has a very representative selection. For example, there are only five clarets listed, but they range from a St. Emilion at 11s. 6d. a bottle to a Château Haut Brion (château bottled) at 45s. a bottle. With my lunch I had the better of the two Moselles listed, Bernkasteler Green Label, priced at 25s. a bottle. I suppose it is better to have a limited selection which can be kept in good supply and good condition, than a long list with items missing or wines not well looked after.

MOTORING

THE FRANKFURT MOTOR SHOW

The Prinz 4; the Bristol 407; and other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

One of the new cars to be seen in public for the first time at the Frankfurt Motor Show, which opens next Thursday to start the autumn season of automobile exhibitions, is the German N.S.U. Prinz 4, a neat modern styled, roomy four-seat saloon powered by a rear-mounted, single-cylinder, overhead-camshaft, air-cooled engine of 598 c.c.

The famous German motor-cycle firm which builds this new car has persevered longer than many of its rivals with the production of small, motor-cycle-engined economy runabouts. It is adding the Prinz 4 to its existing range—the Prinz 3 and Sport Prinz—at a time when the German motoring public continues to show little interest in the basic transport offered by small, cheap, underpowered, high-revving runabouts.

The Prinz has survived because it is a well-designed car, roomy and with an engine so efficient for its size (it is now producing 36 b.h.p.) that it is easy to forget it has only one cylinder. The latest model has a claimed top speed of 74 m.p.h., takes only 14 seconds to get up to 50 miles and hour, and normally does 50 miles to the gallon.

It follows the new cult of easy maintenance to which the new Renault 4 makes such a notable contribution with its complete absence of chassis greasing points. The new Prinz has only two of these and routine servicing is necessary only at intervals of 3,000 miles. The price of the latest N.S.U. model will be announced at the Frankfurt Show.

Right at the other end of the motoring scale comes the new Bristol 407, an interesting successor to a long line of high-performance cars bearing this name. It is powered by the 5.2-litre, V-8 Chrysler engine built in Canada, uses a Torque-flite three-speed automatic transmission with illuminated push-button control on the fascia and costs £5,141 17s. 3d. (£3,525 basic).

The 407, with its 250 b.h.p. engine, reflects the new outlook of the Bristol Company since its reorganisation. The success of earlier models—starting with the 400 in 1947—was based on the use of a finely-engineered 6-cylinder, in-line, 2-litre engine which was later " adopted " for certain models by Cooper and A.C. It was in a Bristol-engined Cooper racing car that the late Mike Hawthorn first achieved fame.

The latest Bristol has a two-door, four-seat body in light alloy, luxurious trim (including leather upholstery and walnut for the fascia and door cappings), fully-reclining front seats and disc brakes all round.

The Rover Company, which at Frankfurt will have the biggest display it has ever had at a Continental Show, has announced that its existing range—3-litre, 100 and 80 saloons—will continue in production for 1962, with improvements which relate mainly to the 3-litre model.

On 3-litre models equipped with Borg-Warner automatic transmission there is now a finger-tip switch for the intermediate " hold " mounted on the steering column. This control operates a rotary solenoid, exclusive to Rover, mounted at the back of the gear-box.

By the use of this device the intermediate or middle gear can be held until a speed of 60-65 m.p.h. is reached. Similarly, bottom gear can be kept until a speed of 30 m.p.h. is attained. New engine mountings add to the Rover's smooth running and twin petrol pumps are now fitted to both 3-litre and 100 models to give greater reliability. The extra pump is switched on, when needed, by a control on the instrument panel.

The Traveller in France, published in London by the French Government Tourist Office, gives a reminder that many of the big champagne firms in Rheims and Epernay welcome visitors to their cellars. Some of the bigger firms, including Pommery of Rheims and Moet et Chandon of Epernay are, during the summer months, open to visitors on Sundays and holidays as well as on week-days. Other famous *caves* mentioned by this useful French travel newspaper are those of Taittinger, Henriot and Ruinart (all at Rheims), and Mercier and de Castellane (Epernay).

There will always be disputation, I suppose, over the value of the compulsory vehicle tests. I must admit that official accident returns do not suggest that many crashes are caused specifically by faulty lights, brakes and steering, but it is possible that many others are due to mechanical defects without the fact ever coming to light.

Everything possible should be done to keep the fleet of motor vehicles using Britain's roads in fully roadworthy condition and the vehicle tests are the best single method of achieving this. It came as a surprise to learn that owners of cars ten years old or more are still able to renew their car licences without producing a test certificate to prove that the vehicle is roadworthy.

It is stated that the Minister of Transport will be plugging this loophole early next year. It is also thought that before long he will seek Parliamentary approval for the inclusion in the compulsory test scheme of all vehicles seven years old or more. It is the Minister's intention eventually to have all motor vehicles tested annually as is already done in some countries.

Two British accessory firms are now catering for owners of the latest Ford Anglia who want to give their cars a jaunty air—and more room in the luggage boot. They provide this extra accommodation by mounting the spare wheel externally at the back of the car. The King's Continental Kit, manufactured by William H. King (King's Lynn) Limited, consists of a plastic platform extending the full width of the car with a hinged compartment in which the spare wheel is carried, completely enclosed. The cost is £25, plus £2 10s. for painting and fitting.

A cheaper kit, which affords less weather protection for the spare wheel (though covers are offered as an extra), is the Charleson Sportsline Continental Conversion (Charleson Components, Harrow Road, W.11). The carrier is bolted to the rear wall of the luggage boot in the position normally occupied by the number plate (which is then hung below the rear bumper). This kit incorporates an anti-theft device, chromium-plated hub cap for the spare wheel and a chrome exhaust pipe extension. Price: £8 18s. 6d.

A sharp reminder that summer does not last for ever came the other day with the news from Victor Britain, the car hire firm, that they are fitting Tudor anti-mist panels to the rear windows of every car in their fleet. " We are doing it in the interests of comfort as well as safety," said Mr. Victor Bridgen, head of the firm, who have always taken special care over their cars' safety equipment. For instance, they fit wing mirrors, screen-washers and "repeater" turn signal lights at the sides.

The new Bristol 407 which has a V-8 Chrysler engine

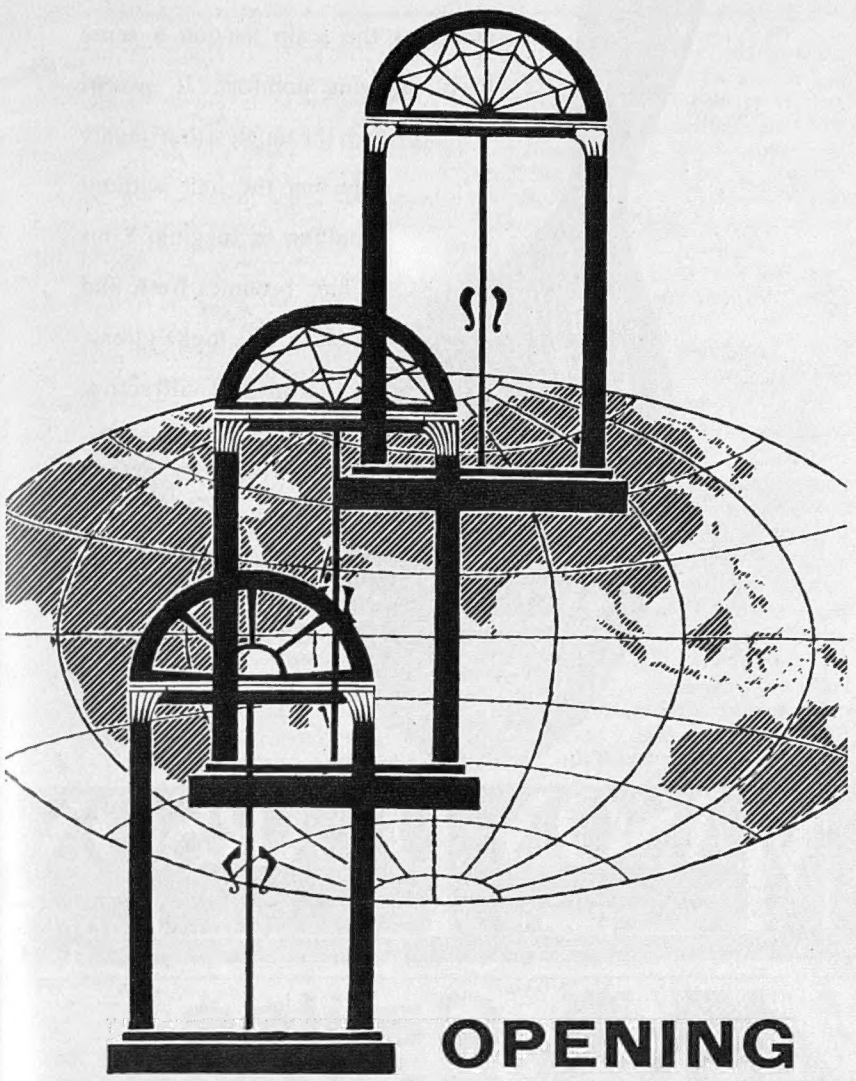
The new Prinz 4 will be seen at the Frankfurt Motor Show

Briefly. . . . One of the newest members of the Institute of Advanced Motorists (which has just conducted its 50,000th test) is the Duke of Kent, who drove his 3.8 Jaguar saloon under the watchful eye of Mr. George Eyles, Director of Tests. . . .

A British club for owners of the Swedish-built Saab is being formed. It should be in operation soon after the London Motor Show. . . . Lucas announce a special 12-volt replacement battery for Ford's Anglia (105E) and Prefect (107E) models. Retail price £8 10s. 6d., including acid and charge. . . .

Two factory-prepared Sunbeam Rapiers with Peter Harper and Paddy Hopkirk as their No. 1 drivers were entered for the tough Tour de France, which started on Thursday of this week. It lasts nine days over an itinerary of 3,300 miles and is really more of a road race than a rally. . . . At Croydon, on Sunday September 24, teams of disabled drivers will for the second year running compete in driving tests against teams from other organisations. . . .

THREE DOORS IN LONDON



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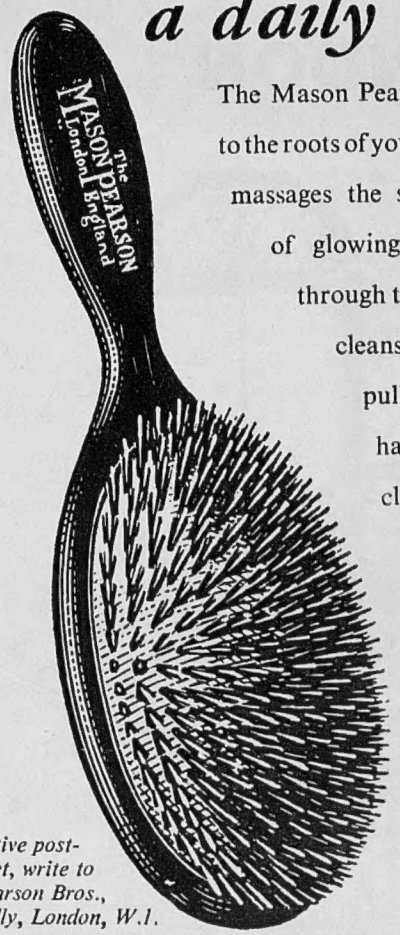

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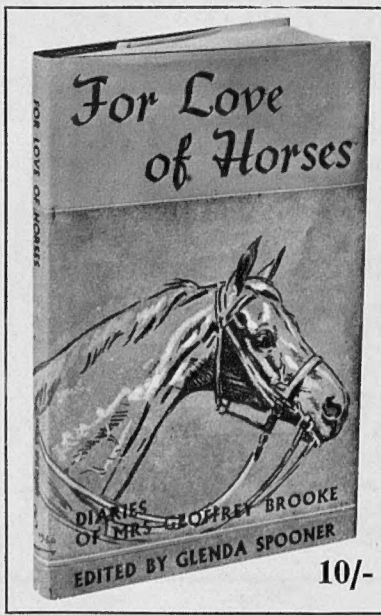

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY in Ireland is ever an inviting prospect and those motorists whose objective is the south-west might well be puzzled as to where to stop a night en route. The best route from Dublin to Bantry Bay, the Ring O'Kerry and Killarney, is to take the main road to Cork, proceeding via Macroom for Bantry Bay or diverting at Mitchelstown for Mallow and so on to Killarney. Good hotels for a night or for a meal are few and far between, so particular note should be made of *Kilcoran Lodge Hotel*, five miles west of Cahir (pronounced Care), set on a slope amid woodlands and pleasant grounds above the main road.

Though a wedding party was in progress when we arrived (the romantic month of June !) it in no way interfered with us visitors and within minutes of the finale all was clean and tidy.

There were other indications of the house being well cared for. Our dinner and service was good, our beds properly prepared for the night and we enjoyed the panoramic view of Knockmealdown mountains.

Kilcoran Lodge would also make a restful centre for a lengthier stay as there is much of interest in the neighbourhood.

Killarney itself often disappoints the newcomer but those whose objective is the *Castlerosse*, call it hotel, motel, or what you will, find a setting and surrounds unparalleled in Ireland.

For 400 years the 6,000-acre Kenmare Estate, considered the most beautiful in Ireland, was strictly private and it was only in 1960 that trustees of the late Lord Castlerosse entrusted an architect to design a building which would in no way detract from the surrounding beauty and, at the same time, would please both eye and body and become renowned for good food.

The " form " on arrival is that one parks by the reception office (prior reservations are advisable), a porter takes you to your self-contained unit and helps you in with your luggage—what you don't immediately need is best left in the car which you park in a shelter opposite your " flat " so to speak. Then you settle down in what is a surprisingly compact apartment with bedside wireless, telephone, central heating, one's own bathroom and a picture window with such a view that we were reluctant to move on.

Even if you may be unfortunate enough not to obtain a reservation, do, if you are within reasonable motoring distance, call in for a drink and a meal. The restaurant and bar lounge have been so designed that a wall of glass provides a fabulous view of the Killarney lower lake and mountains. For 100 years this view was hidden from the public gaze. Now for 365 days every year it is yours for the asking. Do not miss it.

Those who have already visited Ireland's south-west, or have the time to spare, will be glad to know of a delightful country-house hotel 52 miles north of Dublin and 85 miles from Belfast, the *Park Hotel*, Virginia, Co. Cavan, once sporting lodge and summer residence of the Marquis of Headfort, placidly situated on the shore of little-known Lough Ramor.

Like the picturesque sheet of water by which it stands, the *Park Hotel* is irregular in shape and design. In its conversion into an hotel the McDonnell family have retained the charm and character of the early eighteenth century, yet have incorporated into the original building, the new wing and the once coach-house a series of twenty modernly-designed bedrooms. Each has had individual thought as regards colour schemes and lighting. Most have built-in unit furniture allowing for compactness without cramping. Some have fully-furnished private bathrooms. Where a bath was impracticable a toilet and shower have been installed and—ladies please note—bathing caps are provided.

The same detailed thought runs throughout the whole hotel, for Mr. and Mrs. Barry McDonnell understand the practical and personal touches of hotel keeping.

Set well back from the road, with lawns and a nine-hole golf course, the *Park Hotel* should well suit those who seek a restful holiday combined with recreation. The food is good, the atmosphere informal and friendly, and golf, fishing and rough shooting (snipe and duck) are free.

Would that Belfast was as well furnished as Dublin is with first-class hotels. Our stay was but transitory, last June, but we were fortunate to discover an hotel remote from all traffic congestion and car parking problems. The *Windsor Hotel*, a once country mansion, lies just off the Holywood/Bangor road. Crossing the Queen's Bridge in the city and taking the Sydenham by-pass we had no difficulty in locating the direction sign to the *Windsor Hotel* on reaching the roundabout.

Set on the hillside just off the Knocknagoney road the position is good. Around are lawns, gardens and woodlands and beyond is Belfast Lough on one side and the Castlereagh Hills on the other.

Unlike many a country-house hotel, *The Windsor*, though it has some twenty bedrooms, is not designed for long-term residence. The policy is to cater for business and holiday transients as well as making the hotel's restaurant and cocktail lounge focal points for the local community. Bedrooms for the most part are spacious. All have telephone, radio and central heating and are attractively furnished.

Both hotel and restaurant are under the personal direction of the resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Toner, who also own the Windsor Restaurant in Donegall Square South, behind Belfast City Hall.

A further discovery in Southern Ireland was the *Strand Hotel*, at Rosslare, Co. Wexford. We cannot recall any other hotel in Ireland so advantageously placed for sands and safe bathing. No road to cross, no cliff to climb—just the hotel lawn and the Rosslare golf links five minutes distance.

One of the oldest family-owned seaside hotels in Ireland, there has been but one snag previously; the same happy families return year after year so accommodation has always been hard to come by.

In 1961 a new modern wing was added with all the latest thought in bedroom design and unit furnishing. All double rooms have private bathrooms and toilet. We noted good-size luggage-racks, adjustable bed lights, Venetian blinds and electric razor points.

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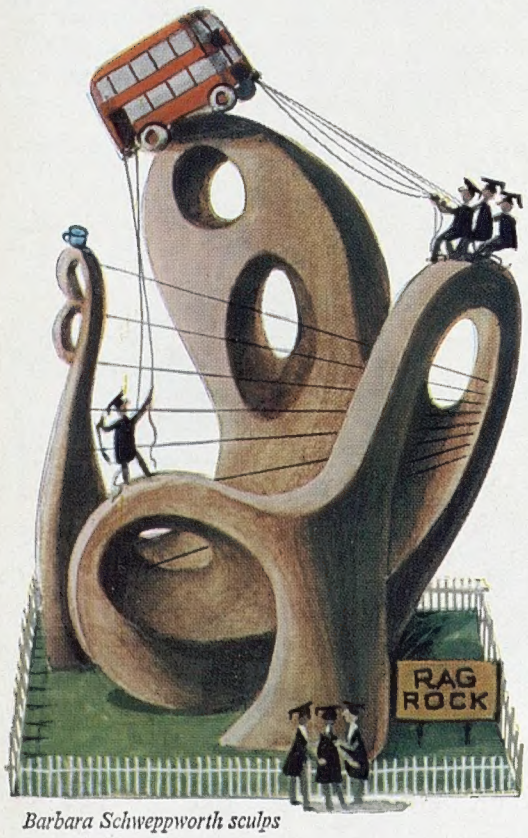

Barbara Schweppworth sculps

DEGREE DAY. Traditional climax of Oldbrick's year is tradition, when nobody must do anything which everybody hasn't done always. Degree Day starts the evening before, with the seizing and release of the printing press (twenty minutes) meeting of protest (five) and outbreak of insubordination in Rag Square which, with its Rag Monument and dummy proctors, often extorting dummy fines, is especially set aside for the people set aside to be exuberant.

The actual Procession of Recipients gains in picturesqueness from Oldbrick's more catholic acceptance of the truly pertinent, as distinct from the traditionally O.K., Subjects. We see, proudly displaying their gowns of office, the Bachelors of Film Studio Lighting, the Doctors of Light Reading Suitable for the Family, a Quizmaster of Is There Anything In It, two Ph.D's of Do It Yourself, Disputants in the History of Intercolonial Cricket Part One, a Passman of the School of Examination Passing, two Phobeharmonic Readers in Sunday Paper Musical Criticism, an Honorary Dame Electant of Woman's Magazine Editing, and a group of Public Demonstrators of Ceremonial, Circumstance and Pomp.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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